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THE MONUMENT OF GENERAL ALEX-
ANDER HAMILTON.

WE have the satisfaction to pre-
sent our patrons with an elegant en-
graving of the monument erected to
the memory of the late General
Alexander Hamilton.

In filing, on the records of a coun-
try, the characters of men, who have
rendered themselves eminently great,
through their valor and intrepidity
in defending her rights in the field,
or with their wisdom and experience,
assisting and aiding her counsels in
the cabinet, the pen of the biographer
cannot be dipt in colors too vivid,
to place their meritorious actions in
the most exalted point of view. At
the same time he should be guided
by the dictates of truth: and be-
ing swayed by its justice, he will
manifest an inflexible impartiality.

The brilliancy of Gen. Hamilton's
private worth, added to the exalted
characters of soldier and statesman,
he so justly merited, raised him a
stupendous fabric of human greatness,
for not only the United States, but all
Europe to gaze upon, with wonder
and delight.

"An eye like Mars, to threaten and com-
mand;

"A station like the herald Mercury,—

* * * * *

"Where every god did seem to set his
seal,

"And give the world assurance of a man."

Since his decease, the remem-
brance of his worth is stamped in
indelible characters on the tablets of

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the mourning country of his early
adoption. He was born in Tortola,
one of the West India islands, and
arrived in this country at an early
period of life, prior to the American
revolution, which separated the co-
lonies from the dominion of Great
Britain. After mature consideration,
in his choice of a profession, he
viewed the study of the law, as the
most extensive field for information.
He entered with avidity into its
pursuits, examining the most diffi-
cult and abstruse doctrines of its in-
stitutes, convinced that a mere pas-
sive study, would not call into action
the mind's latent energies, or accele-
rate that store of knowledge, their
being roused, could produce. The
zeal and assiduity of his attention,
added to the progress that accompa-
nied the industry of his mind, aston-
ished the most eminent counsellors of
that time; and on his unrivalled
talents, they dwelt with unbounded
praise. To the strength, activity,
and perseverance of a capacious mind
he added the forensic eloquence of a
dignified barrister. Once resolved
to undertake, he viewed not the diffi-
culties of the task, his attention was
fixed upon the period of its comple-
tion and industriously pursued until
he accomplished his design. At the
commencement of the revolution, he
warmly espoused the cause of the
colonies, struggling, in the contest,
for their freedom. Roused by the
sacred flame of liberty, the institutes
of law were quickly laid aside; and,
unsheathing the sword of justice, he
pledged himself upon the altar of the
R

country of his adoption to defend her in the "tented field." The ability he displayed in various situations, teeming with danger, and the accomplishment of the most arduous duties he most willingly engaged to execute, soon attracted the notice of the immortal Washington; who very justly appreciated his transcendent merit, and advanced him to a commission of the most honorable trust; and, in addition, appointed him one of his aids de camp.

Washington, whose quick and penetrating observation, could read the arcana of the human mind, was not deceived in the opinion his judgment manifested in favor of Hamilton. He was fully intitled to the confidence reposed in him. After the termination of the war, and after peace had, in guaranteeing the freedom of the United States, added her name to the list of nations, as a free and independent republic, Hamilton was called into her councils, to assist in organizing laws for her regulation and government. After the adoption of the federal constitution, a grateful country unanimously called its deliverer and political father, General George Washington, to the presidential chair. One of the principal objects of his unswerving care and solicitude, was to appoint men of undoubted ability and experience, to places of trust in the administration of government. He held it a duty he owed his country to be tenacious in exercising this important privilege which the constitution, in a great measure, impowered him with.—Among the appointments, his wisdom dictated and his mature reflection approved, that of Hamilton was one of the first: and he was appointed secretary of the treasury department. At this period, the finances of the United States were in a very deranged situation, and of course required ability and judgment to analyze and bring them into a correct and regular form. The formation of a plan, by which the business of such an extensive establishment could be re-

gulated with care and perspicuity, was a task of no common magnitude. The fertile genius of Hamilton was fully adequate to the undertaking. Ambiguity disappeared at the approach of the salutary regulations devised by his wisdom, for its internal government. After being at the head of this department for some years, he retired from its exalted duties, amid the plaudits of his approving country, leaving its flourishing situation a lasting memento of the consummate greatness and expansion of his vigorous mind.

We have been careful in preventing political observations from creeping into our pages; nor is it our wish to analyze the character of Gen. Hamilton, as a politician. Disquisitions of this complexion, pursued with acrimony, and impervious to conviction, often create feuds that terminate in serious and afflicting consequences. The mistaken ideas of what constitutes a correct principle of honor, produce catastrophes injurious to the welfare of community, as well as fatal to the happiness, and interests of families. It is to be lamented, that the most exalted mind, is too frequently vulnerable to the power of weakness, and suffers the opinions of the vulgar to hold it in control. How sincerely is it to be deplored that a man, by many noble qualities rendered eminently useful to his country, and to whom his family looked for support, should in an unguarded moment, put himself on a par with an assassin. Unfortunately for his country, for his family, and for society at large, Hamilton fell a martyr to a mistaken construction of the genuine principles of honor. And while the miscreant who robbed society of one of its brightest ornaments, wanders an outcast from his native country, upon the face of Europe, the transcendent glories of Hamilton have raised to his memory, in the breast of his country, a monument time cannot impair or obliterate. It will be handed to posterity pure and undefiled. The virtues of his

character were superior to his errors. The glory of his achievement in the field, and the wisdom of his counsels in the cabinet frown with indignant contempt upon the shade of calumny that would attempt to obscure the lustre of his name. He ranks as a star of the first magnitude in the western hemisphere.

This monument was erected by the St. Andrew's Society of the city of New York, as a tribute of its high respect for the deceased; to commemorate the spot where he fell in the illfated contest with Col. Aaron Burr.

The place where this dreadful tragedy was performed is situated one quarter of a mile above Weehawk ferry, on the Jersey shore, a spot accessible only by water.

His remains were intombed in the family vault in Trinity church in the city of New-York.



MEMOIR ON THE AFFAIRS OF SPAIN, [CONCLUDED.]

Of all the events which signalize the annals of a revolution, of which no mind, as yet, can explore the end, certainly those which have recently occurred in Spain, furnish the most consoling picture to the lovers of order and of justice. Besides the many thrones, which, since the fatal epoch of this revolution, have fallen to the ground, overturned by the people themselves, or in their name, we have seen some crushed, as it were, by the sceptre itself, as in Prussia, and in several other states of the Germanic empire. What, however, we had not yet seen, was a whole nation, rising in order to support the tottering throne of her legitimate sovereigns, and to renew to them the oath of fidelity, at the very moment of their destruction. This noble example was reserved for Spain; for a country, which the authors of the age have so cruelly calumniated.

That we may be the better able to appreciate justly the credit due to the

Spanish nation for this conduct it will be necessary to state the forces, she had to contend with, when this general insurrection took place.

According to the most accurate estimates, formed in the country itself the number of French troops in Spain, amounted in the beginning of the month of June, 1808, from seventy five to eighty thousand men, without including the armies in Portugal, composing a body of twenty to twenty five thousand men. These forces must have been deemed sufficient, by the Emperor Napoleon, for the execution of his projects. Master of all the frontier towns, of which his troops took possession, in virtue of passports, signed and delivered by the Prince of Peace, in his character of generalissimo of the kingdom; master of Portugal, on which he seized by the same means, which brought so many other countries under his yoke, Napoleon had a right to expect, that he would be able to reduce Spain before she should have had time, to organize any defence whatever; for, all her regular troops, dispersed throughout her various provinces, scarcely amounted to thirty thousand men. If there be those, who,—judging of measures by the issue—still think that even in this state of things, it was imprudent to undertake the conquest, of such a country as Spain, with eighty, or a hundred thousand men, I would observe to them, that, at the period in question, the object was not so much conquest, as the completion of a scheme of surprise: That, to this end the Prince of Peace had already made the most important advances, in delivering Spain bound hand and foot to the enemy; and that Napoleon, with the example of so many other nations before him, who had, with more means of resistance than Spain, submitted, notwithstanding, with docility to his dominion—could hardly form a better idea of the character, and the fortitude of the Spaniards!

The same apology cannot be made for the object of this enterprize; for,

viewed in any light, it must always appear equally absurd and odious. Since the treaty of Basle, in 1795 France disposed of Spain at her pleasure. Bent on the destruction of the victim, she preyed on its resources with an avidity, which could leave no doubt, as to the approaching catastrophe, of the total inanition of the kingdom. If, therefore, Napoleon wished to secure Spain for ever, by establishing his own dynasty on her throne, why not rather continue to pursue the same system of spoliation, which by weakening her more and more, could not fail to bring her at length to the point desired. Spain would then have fallen from weakness, and Napoleon would have saved blood and treasure, which might have been employed for similar purposes elsewhere. He chose, however, to push matters at once to an extremity, and by this conduct exposed himself to the chance of a war, the results of which could be, in no event advantageous to him. If successful he gained nothing, because he could only have resumed his former position with regard to Spain, that is, he could only have disposed of her at pleasure. If unsuccessful—and we may be permitted to indulge this hope—the monstrous edifice of his power would be shaken to its very foundations, and other nations, groaning under his yoke, be taught the secret of triumphant resistance. If we consider, moreover, that, even success was attended with the risk of losing America, it seems difficult to conceive the motives, which can have induced him to engage in an attempt, odious in the eyes of all the world, and impolitic in the opinion of the least scrupulous of his counsellors.

The *Moniteur* has fixed the period, of the complete subjugation of Spain, within the present year. In order to be able to judge what degree of confidence is due to the prophecy, somewhat bold methinks, I shall direct the attention of the reader to the means of defence, which Spain can oppose to her aggressors.

The calculations, most to be relied on, make the population of Spain amount to ten or eleven millions. If, therefore, a rising *en masse* takes place, which can no longer be doubted, it will create an effective force of eleven hundred thousand men, supposing one out of every ten persons to be fit for service. This calculation may be more readily admitted with regard to Spain, as, in that country, the two sexes may be said to have disputed with emulous zeal, the glory of arming and contending for the common defence. Witness the instance of the woman of Saragossa, of whom a great number perished in the successive, but uniformly fruitless assaults, which the French made upon that town. Independently of a decided advantage in point of numbers, the Spaniards have another of no small importance, that of being better acquainted with the country. Their remarkable sobriety in the consumption of food, the known voracity of their enemies, and finally the difficulties which the latter must experience, to support a numerous army, in Spain, notwithstanding the heavy waggons *a la Malborough*, with which the credulity of the Parisian cockney is beguiled,—are circumstances which must still further increase their chances of success. If to all this be superadded, the moral effects, which a just resentment, and the persuasion, that no concessions can be of avail with an enemy implacable in his vengeance, must produce on ardent and exasperated minds, then, no doubt, it may be admitted as possible, that the war in Spain, so far from terminating in a few months, as the *Moniteur* predicts, may keep France engaged for a long time, and give some respite to those States, which have not yet been devoured, but of which the fate has been already decreed. If it took the Romans, more expert perhaps in the business of conquest than the great nation of our day,—according to the testimony of our own historians, more than two

hundred years to complete the subjugation of Spain, we are justified in thinking that Napoleon will require at least two years, to accomplish the same object.

Where will Spain obtain arms, it may be asked, for her hosts? I answer, that the stock now in Spain is much greater than is generally believed: That the British will furnish a part: That there is no necessity for arming the whole military population at once. Besides—have they not before their eyes the example of their invaders themselves, who, during the first years of the revolutionary war, had scarcely any thing more than their numbers to oppose to the arms, and the tactics of the coalition?

However this may be, and without presuming to prejudge the issue of the contest, which has commenced between the Spanish nation, and the French government—(I do not say between the *two nations*)—I shall content myself with observing, that upon the contest depends the fate of Europe. The more protracted and obstinate the resistance of the Spaniards, the more fatal will be the effects of their defeat to the two continental powers, which still remain independent—Russia, and Austria. The last was already marked out as a victim. To Spain alone, she is indebted for the respite she enjoys. No doubt she will be the first attacked, as soon as Napoleon shall have recruited his battalions, with those same Iberians, whom he is now obliged to combat. Russia will perhaps alone escape, from being finally numbered in this long list of states overthrown, mutilated, plundered, and at length reduced to a servitude equally oppressive and ignominious. But, in that case, she will be indebted for her safety, to those extraordinary means, which are now on trial in Spain, for no less a task will then fall to her share, than to resist the strength of all Europe, directed by a single head.

May these fears be only the dreams of a terrified imagination! But should they be exaggerated, it is nevertheless impossible for any mind, however cool and unprejudiced, to mistake the existence of the project of universal dominion on the part of Napoleon. This project has been already fearfully developed, and quite recently, has been confessed in the Report of the minister, M. Champagny, relative to the affairs of Spain. It is chimerical, no doubt. It would remain so still, even if all Europe—I speak of the Continent—should have been subjugated, and Russia driven back within her ancient limits, as Napoleon has frequently threatened; but torrents of blood must flow, and Europe exhibit a vast theatre of desolation, before the mistake will be acknowledged.

I shall conclude this Memoir, which is dictated by the purest zeal for the well-being of humanity, with a few historical facts, connected with the recent events in Spain. I can pledge my honour, for their authenticity. They will serve to characterize more fully the awful tragedy, which at this moment, engages the attention of the world.

1. I have frequently heard the prince of Asturias accused, of having forced his father to abdicate. Nothing can be more erroneous than this statement, and never was an abdication more voluntary than that of Charles IV. He declared this himself, in the presence of the whole diplomatic corps, which waited upon him on the occasion. His majesty repeated some declaration at a private audience, which had been asked by the apostolic nuncio *Gravina*. "Since ten years I have thought of it," said the king; "I abdicate most voluntarily, and I shall heartily enjoy all the good my son may do to my country." The fact is, that the fright occasioned by the occurrences at Aranjuez on the 6th of March, and the natural indolence of the king, were the true and only motives of this abdication.

2. The protest of king Charles, as published in the French journals, is dated only two days subsequent to the abdication. This, also, is an imposition, which it is proper I should point out. It is of public notoriety at Madrid, that king Charles did not sign this protest till seventeen days after his abdication, and against his will. He was obliged to yield to the intrigues of the grand duke of Berg, and to the importunities of his queen *Louisa*. He tried in vain to make this woman sensible of the sad consequences, which would attend the step. Consulting her disorderly passions alone, she was alike insensible to the voice of reason, and to the cries of nature. She overcame her husband, and the protest was signed.

3. All the world knows with what affability the Emperor Napoleon received at Bayonne, the unfortunate prince of Asturias, who mounted the throne of his ancestors, immediately to descend from it into a prison. But, it is less generally known what means were employed, to entice him out of his own country. It would be tedious to unfold here the long tissue of falsehood, hypocrisy, and even murder, resorted to for this purpose.* It will be sufficient to state, that the principal machinery of this infernal plot, consisted in arming the father

* The infant Don Carlos, one of the brothers of Asturias, was sent forward by the latter to meet the Emperor Napoleon, who had announced his intention of visiting Madrid. He encountered him at Bayonne, where he was to halt. After remaining for some days in that city, he discovered that the ruin of all his family was in agitation. Seeing that he was a prisoner himself, he determined to save if possible, the prince of Asturias, to whom he was tenderly attached. The latter had already set out for Madrid, to meet Napoleon, whom he expected to encounter between that capital and Burgos, and had suffered himself to be persuaded to go as far as Vittoria. The infant wrote him a letter, of which a trusty servant was to take charge, in which he apprised him of the fate that awaited him, if he yielded to the instances which he knew were to be employed, to induce him to proceed to Bayonne. Don Car-

los, the moment he had finished this letter, very indiscreetly communicated the contents to a nobleman of his suite, whose name I do now recollect, but who made them known to Fuentes, another Spanish nobleman. This wretch hastened to lay them before the Emperor Napoleon, who rewarded him with a sum of money. Measures were immediately taken to seize the courier. He was overtaken on the bridge of la Bidassoa; and the pursuers after searching in vain about his person, for the letter, murdered him, and threw the body into the river.

against the son, by imputing the blackest designs to the latter I regret to have to add, that Napoleon was zealously aided on this occasion by queen *Louisa*.
After the prince of Asturias had arrived at Bayonne, a journey undertaken against the advice of his best counsellors, every species of flattery was lavished upon him by Napoleon, to make him easy with regard to his final designs, till the victims should be collected. Dined with him; supped with him; walked with him; he stated that he was going to acknowledge him as king of Spain; and, as if considering him so already he, from time to time, gave him the title of "your majesty:" But it would be expedient was it said, first to reconcile him with his father. This mummery was continued till the arrival of king Charles, the queen mother, the queen of Etruria, and the other princes of the royal house of Spain. Then the scene changed, and the Napoleon, the kind and generous mediator, became a severe and inexorable judge. After the first audience with king Charles, on the very day of his arrival at Bayonne, Napoleon insultingly accosted the prince of the Asturias, by telling him, that he would never be able to clear himself of the just reproaches of his father. From that moment the prince was confined to his house, which he was not permitted to leave, even to take a walk. He was next called upon to restore the crown to his father, which he did without hesitation, protesting that he had never intended to deprive him of it

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The old king was the first to perceive the abyss into which he had plunged, as the first of whom the sacrifice of his rights was demanded, in favour of Napoleon. It threw him into a paroxysm of rage, but he was obliged to yield. The sense of his disgrace, and the confusion of mind produced by an upbraiding conscience deprived him of all power of resistance. He signed his abdication, and exchanged, one of the finest kingdoms on earth, for a castle in France.

After all the princes of the royal house had likewise renounced their titles, with the exception of the prince of the Asturias.—the infant Don Francisco, the same who has been mentioned above, threw himself at the feet of his brother. He conjured him by the glory of his ancestor, by the manes of Charles V, not to submit to this deed of shame. He represented that the abdication of the others was of no consequence, but that he, presumptive heir of the crown, and the idol of his subjects, owed to them an example of firmness, at a moment when they were all arming themselves in defence of his rights: That his renunciation would complete the work of iniquity, would cover him with disgrace, in the eyes of all Europe, and extinguish the love of his people. Ferdinand promised his brother not to yield, but his resolution was insufficient to withstand the threat of Napoleon, that he should be treated like the duke d'Enghien, if he did not resign instantaneously. "I must have your head, or your seal." Such was the language of Bonaparte, for the genuineness of which I can vouch. The prince chose dishonour, and signed.

My task is ended. I have had no other aim, than to promulgate the truth.

Paris, September, 1808.

LETTERS ON FRANCE AND ENGLAND.

The following series of letters addressed to a literary friend are intended to comprise a narrative not only of the adventures but of

the reflections of the author, during a late residence of some years in France and England. They will also contain authentic details concerning the actual condition of those countries, and will be regularly continued through some of the succeeding numbers of the work. The writer does not mean to confine himself to any methodical plan either of relation or of discussion, and will pass alternately from the institutions of one country to those of the other as the associations of his memory may prompt. The three first of the series now offered to the public refer almost exclusively to France. Am. Review.

MY DEAR H—

No impressions can be more lively, no sensations more rapid and cheerful, than those of a young American who, leaving his country for the first time, arrives in the river Garonne on a fine day of the month of June, after a sea voyage of two months accompanied by one unbroken train "of vapours and clouds and storms." Such was exactly my case, and my imagination was never so powerfully affected as by the scenery which I then witnessed, and of which nothing of the same description ever meets the eye of a traveller in this country. Vineyards spread over lofty hills.—chateaux of white stones, built in a style of magnificence, and surrounded by a display of cultivation altogether unknown to us at home,—a multitude of country mansions and of villages delightfully situated either near the edge of the water or along the declivities of the hills; a numerous population of peasantry of an appearance equally novel, and in an attire singularly grotesque; all these present themselves to the view in continuous succession for twenty one leagues,—the distance from the entrance of the river to the city of Bordeaux. This perspective so strikingly contrasted with "the sullen and monotonous ocean," appeared at the time sufficient to indemnify me for all the cabin fatigues which I had encountered, and gave me a most delicious foretaste of the satisfactions which I was to derive from the bounties so profusely scattered over this fine region by the hand of nature.

understood then for the first time the force of the exclamation, *la belle France*, which I had so often heard in the mouth of her sons, and began to form some idea of the nature of that charm which operates upon them like the fascination of magic, after any length of absence, and at any distance of space from their native soil.

We frequently sailed within an hundred feet of the shore, so as to be enabled to converse with the proprietors of the country-seats whom we occasionally observed sitting under the shade of their trees, some of which overhung the banks of the river. The clusters of small islands which we encountered, particularly near the confluence of the Dordogne with the Garonne, and which were covered with the most luxuriant vegetation, heightened the enchantment of the scene.—Nothing is wanting to the Garonne but a translucent wave to supply it with an assemblage of features more smiling, variegated and picturesque than those which belong, perhaps, to any other river in the world. The waters were turbid at the time we passed up, and I was informed that this was the case during greater part of the year. I have contemplated since, but with emotions of pleasure not by any means so vivid, the banks of the Hudson in this country, and these of the Wye in England, both so justly celebrated for the magnificence and beauty of the views which they afford. The character of the scenery is indeed totally distinct in these rivers, and, perhaps, the preference which I give to the first arises from the influence of a particular association of ideas and circumstances. Who is it that has ever experienced the sufferings of a long illness, without being, on his convalescence, disposed to repeat, with Akenside,

“Fair is nature’s aspect—

“When rural songs and odors wake the morn

“To every eye; but how much more to his

“Round whom the bed of sickness long diffused

“Its melancholy gloom! how doubly fair

“When first with fresh-born vigor he inhales

“The balmy breeze, and feels the blessed sun

“Warm at his bosom, from the springs of life

“Chasing oppressive damps and languid pain.”

If I could well claim permission to digress so soon from my immediate subject, it would be to talk of the navigation of another stream—the Wye, which I have mentioned above. The English have within their own island much of the finest imagery of nature, embellished by the most perfect labours of art, and by the luxury of taste. But if I were to be called upon to select any one portion of their scenery upon which I have dwelt, with most delight, it would be that of the Wye from Ross to Chepstow. For “a picturesque tourist” it is a sort of *bonne bouche*, an exquisite morceau, with which, moreover, the appetite could scarcely ever be cloyed. The Wye is our Hudson in miniature, but with features of a much softer character, and with gothic appendages which give to it all the additional and powerful influence over the fancy that belong to “wizard time and antique story.” The proportions of nature on the Hudson, for a course of two hundred miles, are of the most gigantic magnificence, and the historical recollections connected with this river are to an American of the most endearing and ennobling kind. The progress of civilization, moreover, as you trace it on its banks so far in the interior of this continent, in the flourishing cities of Hudson, of Athens, and of Albany, swells the mind, and refreshes the patriotism by the prospect of actual and future improvements almost as stupendous to the imagination, as the rocks and mountains in their vicinity are to the eye.

The beauties of the English river are comprised within a space of fifty

miles ; it winds itself like the Hudson almost into labyrinths, and in a very narrow channel, presents rocks and hills of equal ruggedness, although of dimensions much less colossal. There is, however, about the Wye an indescribable and unrivalled charm ; a peculiar " witchery " arising from an admixture of the soft with the savage features of the landscape ; and from the gothic ruins which decorate its banks at intervals ; among the rest those of Tintern Abbey, by far the most majestic and imposing of all the decayed edifices of all England. In the navigation of this river you can descend from your boat to the banks whenever you please, and you then rarely fail to find the whole poetical assemblage,

" Of lofty tress with sacred shades
 " And perspectives of pleasant glades
 " The ruins too of some majestic piece
 " Boasting the power of ancient Rome or Greece
 " Whose statues, friezes, columns broken lie
 " And though defaced, the wonder of the eye."

But to return to the Garonne. At the mouth of the river, a couple of fierce looking officers came on board of our vessel from the French guard-ship stationed under the neighbouring forts. They took down with great minuteness the history of our cargo, of the voyage, &c. &c. and examined each passenger with regard to his name, his birth-place, his profession, his age and his views. These particulars were immediately transmitted to the police of Bordeaux, and thence forwarded to the head-quarters of *Espionage* at Paris. We performed quarantine for eight days about half-way up the river, abreast of the neat little village of Pouillace, and underwent there a similar examination.—We were thus perfectly well known to the municipal authorities for some time before our landing. This was not the only circumstance which reminded us of the nature of the government within whose jurisdiction we then were and which

threw a shade over the satisfactions that the surrounding scenery was calculated to afford. We were hailed on our passage up from a multitude of boats kept by the brokers of Bordeaux, who send their clerks to meet vessels at their entrance into the river, and to solicit the custom of the captains and supercargoes. These gentlemen preferred their boon with an earnestness of entreaty, and a humility of manner which afforded a melancholy indication of the stagnation of trade, and of the depression of the commercial spirit. Their services, however are rendered indispensable by the regulations of the government which limit their number, and subjects them to a rigorous discipline, as well as to a very onerous tax for the privilege of exercising their functions.—On leaving the quarantine-ground, our trunks were carefully examined by the custom-house officers habited *a la militaire*, who were then stationed on the deck, and who remained with us until permits were obtained both from the *Douane* and the *Prefecture de police*, for our landing and for the disembarkation of our effects. These underwent a second scrutiny, before they were extricated from the hands of a host of famished tide-waiters by whom we were guarded.

Nothing can be more imposing than the aspect of Bordeaux as you approach it by water. The eye takes in at one glance a series nearly two miles in length, of magnificent stone edifices, constructed upon the same plan, and forming altogether a large segment of a complete circle. The *facade des chartrons* is not excelled, perhaps, by any thing of the same description in the world, and can boast of a perspective, from the opposite side of the river, rarely surpassed in richness and variety. We found, on entering the harbour, about one hundred and fifty Prussian galliots, dismantled and laid up in ordinary. They were arranged in very regular series, and being exactly of the same form and colour, produced

a striking and picturesque effect. These vessels were about to set sail, the day previous to the annunciation at Bordeaux, of the war which broke out in 1806 between the British and the unfortunate king of Prussia to whose ports they were destined. Some accidental delay in the custom-house arrangements retarded their departure, and snatched a rich booty from the British cruisers. This opportune intelligence, as it was then deemed, saved them from a probable danger at the time; but their fate was only suspended; for not long afterwards they fell a prey to the "pacificator of Europe and the tutelary genius of commerce," when he commenced his unexpected, and unprovoked war upon Prussia. If his imperial majesty be in possession of an infallible arcanum against worms—another secret and dangerous enemy to which they are now exposed,—they may, perhaps, serve at some remote period, for the transport of troops to this hemisphere, when the ocean presents no obstacle to our subjugation.

On the morning after my arrival at Bordeaux, I found a soldier stationed in the hall of the merchant's dwelling in which I was hospitably lodged, and was informed that this visiter was to be my attendant, until I passed through the customary examination at the police office. I lost no time in getting rid of my escort who, when dismissed, expected and received a gratuity of some magnitude for a functionary of his grade. At the police office, the same interrogatories were propounded to me as at the entrance of the river, and at the quarantine ground,—but my passport or permit to remain and travel in France, was not delivered until some weeks after. The same ceremonial is practised with regard to all strangers who arrive or land in any part of the empire. The circumstances of this scrutiny, and the embarrassments which we had experienced in the debarkation of our baggage, excited a more than common

disgust in the mind of one who, if he possessed no other knowledge on this subject, than that which the institutions of his own country afford, would not understand the meaning of the term *police*, and might suppose that the arrival of a foreigner, so far from being a just cause of suspicion, should in all cases, be matter of public exultation.

I passed six weeks in Bordeaux; a period during which I was indefatigably employed in studying the general manners, and examining the institutions of that city. The ascent of Mde. Blanchard in a balloon, the day after my arrival, gave me an early opportunity, of seeing nearly the whole population grouped together in a public garden, which would do honour to any metropolis in the world. The weather was just such as was desirable for the entire success of the aeronaut, and for the gratification of the spectators. The lady ascended gradually and perpendicularly until she disappeared from our view, and was wafted by gentle breezes to *Libourne*, a distance of some leagues, where she alighted in perfect safety, to the great astonishment and dismay of those who witnessed her descent. To me, who had never before seen a prosperous apotheosis of this kind, the scene was extremely pleasing, but I derived still more satisfaction, from the inspection of a much more numerous crowd than I had ever contemplated, and of whom the physiognomy, dress and manners had all the allurements of novelty. The gaiety,—the vivacity,—the eccentricities of the national temper, excited by the nature of the spectacle, and quickened by the influence of a most genial atmosphere, all manifested themselves on this occasion, in expressions of rapturous delight,—in exclamations of surprise;—in the utmost eagerness of curiosity and in the most grotesque exhibitions of character. In all their public assemblages, at the theatres—the coffee-houses,—and in the public walks, I observed the same exila-

rating merriment, and I could not but admire the elasticity of that spirit which notwithstanding the pressure of public grievances that carry dismay and anguish into every dwelling, still remounts at any alleviation however slight or transitory. In the midst of calamities of a most overwhelming force, the springs of the native character can be set in motion by the smallest excitements. A public spectacle of any description, a play or a ball, or the common pleasures of social intercourse, can drive into temporary oblivion, the most biting cares and the most knawing anxieties, and produce such effects as might lead you to suppose that you surveyed—not the victims of a ruthless despotism, but a people enjoying all the immunities of a peaceful freedom, and privileged even from the common infelicities of life.

A mere *epicure* or *gourmand* disposed to sacrifice the higher enjoyments of the mind to the gratifications of the palate, should select Bordeaux as a place of residence in preference, perhaps, to any other of the world. If the sword of Damocles be suspended over the head of the merchant, he has, at least, the consolation of feasting at a most luxurious board. Here are the true "*Siculae dapes*,"—and I would venture to say, here is the true nectar which was quaffed in Olympus. I think I have never found elsewhere the pleasures of the table so redundant or delicious, as in the month of July at the country seat of a Bordelais merchant situated on the borders of the river, and surrounded by a most enchanting scenery. Fish and fowl of every variety and of the finest flavours, wines of the most exquisite relish, and such as are rarely suffered to go abroad; a dessert consisting of strawberries, plums, fresh almonds, apricots, cherries, &c.—all in the highest perfection;—these constituted our dinner, and were the daily fare of our host. We saw from his hall the hills covered with vineyards on the opposite shore of

the Garonne; numerous chateaux on the declivities; noble avenues of lofty ash along the borders, and vessels sailing within a few yards of the bank. I gazed upon all these advantages with peculiar complacency, because they appeared to me, in the light of a just indemnification to an excellent individual, for the public calamities of which he was an indignant spectator, and a sorrowful victim.

Bordeaux has several theatres, but of the performance in them, one who is about to speak of Paris, should say nothing. The pageantry of the stage, the dancers, and even the heroes of the buskin, served to amuse, and sometimes to astonish a raw stranger; but the traces which they left were soon obliterated by the exhibitions of the metropolis. As a monument of architecture, the opera house of Bordeaux, is certainly the most magnificent of its kind, and displays within, a mass of machinery for scenic purposes which is truly stupendous in size, as well as admirable in the contrivance. The rage for theatrical amusements here is even greater than it is in Paris, and the spirit of gambling indulged to a still more vitious excess.

I shall not stop to dwell on any of the public structures, nor upon the appearance of the private dwellings of this city. Many of them are magnificent, as well as some of the streets; and again, many, or perhaps most of the latter are more narrow and dirty, than the worst parts of the metropolis. The idea of Paris effaces the recollection of the exterior of any other city of France. The cathedral of Bordeaux, is, however, a venerable gothic pile; and there are, in its neighbourhood, some remains of Roman architecture, which every traveller should inspect. The white stone of which the houses of this city are constructed, is drawn from the quarries dug in the banks of the river, and extending in some instances for miles under the vineyard. They are, in many parts, in-

habited by the families of the labourers, whose chimneys are perforated through the earth, and emit a smoke among the vines, which produces many an eager enquiry from an American stranger.

The fine hotel, which was formerly the archiepiscopal palace, was inhabited at the period of my residence in Bordeaux by the civil prefect. The archbishop was the tenant of a much more humble mansion, and lived in a style very far removed from the ecclesiastical pomp of the middle ages. I was introduced to this venerable old man, and at his table, formed an acquaintance with several of the most intelligent priests of his diocese. Our conversation naturally embraced the progress and the prospects of religion within the sphere of their labours, and their testimony fully confirmed the conclusions which my own personal observation led me to adopt on this subject. They informed me that the seeds of piety had been in the course of the revolution, completely extirpated from the breasts of almost every class of the community, and that since the re-establishment of the hierarchy, and the resurrection of the altar by the concordat, christianity had regained but a small share of influence over the public mind. The scantiness of their own stipend, barely sufficient for the acquisition of the common necessities of life—the degrading inferiority in which they remained with regard to the secular functionaries; and the genius of the military system, which while it pervaded even the lower orders more rapidly than the spirit of piety, stifled the flame, and counteracted the advances of the latter; these, with other causes, had contributed not only to intercept the rewards of their zeal, but almost to rob them of the consolation of hope.—They felt, and could not but acknowledge, that religion in the hands of their rulers, was merely,

A yoke,

“To tame the stooping soul, a trick of state,

“To mask their rapine, and to share their prey.”

The nature of my pursuits conducted me to the halls of justice, and induced me to seek an acquaintance with the principal lawyers of a city, once famed for its skill in jurisprudence and for the learning and dignity of its bench. I was successful in obtaining an introduction to many of the most eminent of the bar, and to some of the judges. The information which they communicated joined to my own observation in the courts, enabled me to form a tolerably precise idea of their administration of justice, and of the state of their forensic eloquence. I shall have so much to say on the subject of French jurisprudence and French oratory in general, when I reach Paris, that I shall now only remark, that neither the one nor the other edified me much at Bordeaux, although I found there more knowledge and impartiality in the first, and in some instances, more natural force and pathos in the last, than I had occasion to remark in the capital. I never could reconcile my judgment or taste, to that excessive vehemence of declamation, which is almost universal at the French bar, even on the most trifling occasions. The same cardinal defect appeared to me to prevail both on the stage, and in the pulpit, although not to so reprehensible a degree in the latter;—but more of this by and by.

Various and very obvious causes have conspired to obscure the lustre of the judgment seat, and to lessen the ability of the professor of the law, both in Bordeaux, and in all the provincial cities of France. The circumstances of the revolution were unfavorable to all the noble purposes, and the higher, and dignified walks of justice; the impoverishment of those cities was also one of the chief sources of this decline, no less than

the abolition of the provincial parliaments, which assembled an illustrious magistracy, and afforded a wide field to the generous emulation, as well as a noble theatre for the efforts of the bar. The emoluments of the profession at Bordeaux, were comparatively small, and the drudgery almost intolerable. The lawyers enjoyed, however, a good share of consideration, and a much higher grade in the scale of the community than is allotted to them at Paris. The individual of this class who inspired me with most respect, both for his private character and his learning, was a nephew of the celebrated *Emerigon*, the author of the *Treatise on Insurance*. His virtues and talents do honour to the distinguished name which he bears.

I was struck with one of the practices of litigation in this city as eminently pernicious, and which, although it prevails in Paris, is not calculated to produce there, the same mischievous effects, as in a commercial or a less populous community. I allude to the dissemination among the merchants and others of printed memoirs, elaborately framed by the lawyers in the first stages of a cause, and containing a history of the demands and the grievances of the litigant parties, together with the proofs and arguments in their favour. They are generally perused with eagerness; opinions are formed with regard to the merits of the suit, and discussed with no small warmth in the circles of the exchange, and the coffee-houses; and the friends of the different suitors assiduously labour to propagate the sympathies which they themselves feel. Nothing could tend more directly to produce social discord; particularly among men, whose minds were left vacant of employment by the stagnation of trade, and the decline of the manufacturing and mechanic arts.

Literature once flourished in Bordeaux under the auspices of a learned academy, and of an exuberant trade. At this moment it is, as you

may imagine, at a very low ebb as well there, as in all the provincial towns of France. I inquired in vain for a man of any eminence in science, or in general literature. There were no authors of reputation in any department of knowledge; no profound statesmen to support the reputation of the birth place of *Montesquieu*. Paris swallows up not only all the physical but all the intellectual treasures of the empire. I visited the house in which the author of the *Spirit of Laws* was born, and experienced those emotions which the spot was calculated to excite, in the breast of a literary enthusiast, and of the citizen of a free republic. It was impossible not to feel then the full force of the contrast, between the actual state of the public weal in France, and that which it was the passion of this lofty and independent genius, to establish and to perpetuate. Would he have believed the prophecy, if it had been foretold to him before his death,—that the people to whom he then dictated his lessons of enlarged wisdom, and elevated, temperate freedom, could so soon become, as it were,

“A race, resolved on bondage, fierce for chains?”

I surveyed the Lycees public schools of Bordeaux, with a view to obtain some knowledge of educating French youth under the new regime. The opinions which I imbibed from this, and many subsequent inquiries, are highly unfavorable to the present system; the vices of which, even those who were engaged in the business of public instruction, did not affect to deny. I shall say more on this subject hereafter. I cannot forbear, however, mentioning here a little anecdote which was related to me in the course of my rambles through the schools. In examining the principal Lycee, I was attended by the director of the institution, who conducted me to a chapel attached to the edifice, in order to show me the tomb of *Montaigne*. The remains of this celebrated essay-

ist had been deposited there, with the inscription and sculpture usual in his day, but had been accidentally removed, in the course of the revolution, from the vault which they originally occupied. When the building to which the chapel belongs, and which was formerly a convent, was converted into a Lycee by the present government, the director had occasion to examine the vault of Montaigne, and found there a skeleton which he supposed to be that of the author, and which dissolved into powder at the touch. Nothing remained firm but the skull, and part of the jaw-bone in which two teeth were found, in a state of tolerable preservation. These were carefully extracted, and one of them transmitted as a *cadeau* to Lucien Bonaparte, who had it richly set in gold, while the other was retained by the director for himself, and underwent the same operation. The corpse of Montaigne, was identified by unquestionable tokens, but a few weeks after, in another part of the chapel, and it was ascertained with no less certainty, that the teeth belonged to an aged countess who had died about the same time, and whose virtues were not such as to merit so eager a commemoration. This affair the director called a pleasant *mystification*.

It is impossible to be long with the *Bordelais* without becoming attached to them. They can boast of but little science,—of still less religious morality, and of no very exquisite polish of manners; and yet they quickly conciliate the favour of all sorts of travellers, by their natural acuteness,—their officious hospitality, their inexhaustible flow of spirits, and the winning *naivete* and *bonhomie* of their character. Many horrible atrocities were perpetrated here during the revolution, but they are spoken of in a language of honest regret, and manly shame, which prompt you to believe, that they had much less of malignity in their origin, than the execrable orgies of the capital. I have made

one remark generally with regard to the provincial towns;—that the character of their inhabitants as they fell under my observation, would never have encouraged me to admit, even the possibility of the revolutionary excesses which are ascribed to them; whereas a short acquaintance with the capital served to render the whole “disastrous tale” of her enormities easily credible. I saw there, even on a superficial glance, materials for crimes of such stupendous turpitude and ferocity; but I discovered nothing in the provinces to warrant *a priori* a mere supposition of their history, which, however, no longer admits of a doubt.

Notwithstanding the vivacity of the southern character,—the animation of the public walks—the noisy mirth of the theatres, and the luxuries of the table, Bordeaux is still a melancholy city to a reflecting stranger. It exhibits a gloomy picture of decay, and like all the adjacent country, whithers under the gripe of oppression. In every private meeting and at every table, I heard besides the effusions of natural gaiety, those of invincible sorrow, for the sad contrast which was but too visible to every eye, between the former, and the actual state of their city. I was told that but fifteen years before, it contained a third more of inhabitants than the number I then saw; that instead of the inaction, the languor, and the misery which I witnessed, it displayed, not a ragged and famished populace, but a scene of universal plenty and of splendid opulence, and all the usual concomitants of prosperity and contentment,

“Cheerful hurry; commerce many-tongued
“And Art mechanic, at his various task
“Fervent employed.”

I made frequent excursions into the vine-country of the neighbourhood, once the most flourishing part of France, and then perhaps the most miserable, under the accumulated and ineffable evils of the conscription, the taxation, and the privation

of a market for the produce of the soil. The detestation in which the present government is generally held throughout France, is nowhere so lively, or so openly expressed, as in this city, and the adjacent country. The better classes indulged in a freedom of remark, and a strain of indignant reprobation, with regard to the system of administration from which their calamities spring, that filled me with dismay, when I called to mind the activity and the rigours of the police. The ascendancy, however, of this gloomy inquisition, is not as absolute in the provinces, as in the capital; nor can any organization of terror or of force however perfect in the design, prove sufficient in all cases, and particularly among a people of an ardent and impetuous temper, to prevent the evaporations of the spirit of hate when engendered by actual suffering, and the pressure of undisguised injustice. Indignation and anguish have a power irresistibly expansive and volatile in the bosoms of men who are somewhat distant from the seat of the tyranny by which they are excited, and who are not entirely benumbed by the torpor of vassalage, or rendered insensible, by the long habit of suffering, to the bitterest woes of life.

It is now four years since my residence in Bordeaux. Within this interval the total suspension of commerce, and the aggravated weight of domestic tyranny, have more and more impoverished the inhabitants, and thinned their numbers. The information which I have obtained from the most authentic testimony, satisfies me, that the present state of that noble city, and of all the fine territory of the Garonne, is still more calamitous and despondent than heretofore. The houses are but half tenanted,—the population dejected,—the streets comparatively silent; the execrations against the grinding oppression of the military rule, are poured forth with more asperity, and less reserve than ever. When despair begins to operate, and when

poverty assails the victim, every little glimmering of hope will be hailed with credulous joy, and it is therefore, that the delusive revocation of the anti-commercial decrees may elevate the spirits of the Bordelais merchants for a short time, but the experience of the future will be like that of the past and they will find that the slender profits of their toil will be absorbed by the voracious *fisc*, & that, as long as the dominion of the sword endures, and they retain enough of energy to make an industrious effort, they will undergo a fate not unlike the punishment of Sisyphus or of Tantalus.

History teaches us what will be the effect of the prolongation of the military despotism, even upon the provincial inhabitants of France; an effect which is already wrought almost to the full extent in Paris. Under the constant operation of fear and force, the mind must, at length be completely unnerved and dastardized; the "guardian vigour," and the native pride of the soul must wholly disappear;—under the steady influence, and the demoralizing example of profligate power and prosperous crime, the moral sentiments and the heroic virtues must be finally stifled;—by the habit of fawning flattery, and the constant utterance of lying admiration, all self estimation must be lost, and even the innate powers of discrimination between virtue be utterly extinguished. On reading, in the newspapers of France, the history of the provincial proceedings with regard to the late marriage of the Emperor, and the language of their deputations to the Imperial throne, I discover a refinement of adulation, and an alacrity of debasement in all classes, which convince me that the degeneracy of that character which I have just portrayed has been, within the three last years, even more rapid and universal than I could have expected. Should the despotism of the sword triumph abroad, as it does at home, the human drama must, by the operation of known causes, present all over the continent of Eu-

rope, the same sickening spectacle ere long may be exhibited by France—

“Sloth, ignorance, dejection, flattery, fear,
“Oppression raging o’er the waste he makes.”

[From the Port Folio.]

AN OUTLINE SKETCH OF THE CITY OF LONDON.

LONDON, APRIL 22d, 1799.

I HAVE not yet had time or opportunity to form an accurate idea of this immense metropolis, whose population is usually estimated at about a million of souls, and its circuit at fifteen or twenty miles; but as I have already rambled over it from Greenwich to Chelsea, and noted the prominent objects sufficiently well to find my way in any direction, I will attempt to sketch an outline, which may possibly give a clearer idea of the proportions of the figure than you would have if the features were shaded with the most minute particularity.

As you approach the city from the water, the cupolas of Greenwich hospital, rising over a prodigious quadrangle of hewn stone, on your left, give early notice of innumerable population; your ideas of which are no way diminished, as you advance through a winding forest of masts, of several miles in length, bordered with the back, fronts, and gable ends of mean and dusky brick houses, and opening at length upon the twelve or fifteen unequal arches of London bridge; the Tower upon your right, a huge misshapen pile of the rudest antiquity, between which and the bridge you dimly discover, through clouds of mist and smoke, the spires of a hundred churches, and the swelling dome of St. Paul’s.

The meanness of this part of the town, however, may be justly appreciated, by the characteristic appellations of Ratcliff and Wapping, Shad Thames, Old Jewry, Rag Fair, or Horse-ly-down indelibly stamped upon its principal streets by the calling of their occupants or the wretchedness

of their situation; and as you pass the crowded stairs, the muddy docks, and the gaping sewers, you are equally offended with the dissonant exclamations of moral turpitude and the slimy refuse of material impurity.

If you land at the bridge stairs and force your way through a mob of watermen, bawling “a boat sir! a sculler sir!” and are happy enough to elude the first onset

“Of carts, and cars, and coaches, roaring all,”

you may scramble through the mud, as fast as you can make your way among the eager crowd, perpetually driving up and down Fish street hill; cross the street, when there’s a momentary interval at the continual drive of carriages, thwarting each other in every direction; dodge the opponent that will be sure to meet you full butt at the corner; and bless your stars that you are safe in Lombard-street, a damp and gloomy passage in which the principal bankers of London are often in winter obliged to light candles at noonday.

But as it often happens to the hurried passenger, who has enough to do in London to take care of himself, we have passed the Monument, with out notice, though a doric column two hundred feet high, erected a hundred yards down this hill to mark the spot where the great fire broke out in 1666.

In Lombard-street the footways are just wide enough for one person to pass at a time, and necessity has dictated the salutary regulation that the right hand takes the wall; but you presently open the Mansion-house, or residence of the lord mayor, a massy edifice of freestone, with a portico of six or eight Corinthian columns, toward Threadneedle-street; along which you see the front of the Bank, presenting a small center, and two richly ornamented wings, run out as a screen to the extensive offices within. Almost directly before it stands the Exchange, an old square edifice of no great beauty, eclipsed by the new front of the India house, at some dis-

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tance further down. You are now in the Poultry, a narrow passage of two or three hundred yards in length, between Cheapside and Cornhill, continuations, of different dimensions and under different names of the principal or rather of the sole regular avenue of communication between the city, properly so called, and the west end of the town. Here accordingly, a constant tide of coaches sets in every morning, and out every afternoon, independent of counter currents, and sometimes eddies, whirling round sharp corners, and now and then damming up the channel, so that coaches, carts, and all are wedged up together in inextricable confusion, a circumstance in street language expressively called a *jam*.

As you advance, the open shops, particularly those of goldsmiths, mercers, and printsellers, attract your notice, and induce the unwary to stop every now and then before a brilliant bow window, shining with all fashionable elegancies of the day disposed in the most fascinating style, and exhibited with a degree of neatness peculiar to London; at the imminent risk of being elbowed to the right and left; pilfered by a pick pocket; importuned by a beggar; or knocked down by a sturdy porter, with a huge burden upon his head, crying "by your leave!" in a tone of vexation, irritated by continual obstacles, that indicates in plain English, *get out of the way!*

You now find yourself immersed, and as it were carried along in a current of foot passengers, on the half run, toward the west end of the town; so scarcely noticing Guildhall, a Gothic edifice at the end of a dingy street on the right, you are soon turned to the left by the butt end of Paternoster-row, apparently blocking up the street; and through a narrow opening, of which you were not aware, you are suddenly struck with astonishment at the enormous mass of St. Paul's, seen transversely in its whole length of five hundred feet.

Persons on foot take along the

right side of the edifice, those in carriages are obliged to drive round to the left, and meet again in front, after some minutes, to go down Ludgate hill, a slippery descent, opening on the right, by an unnoticed passage, to the gloomy purlieus of Newgate and the Old Baily.

At the foot of the hill you cross the spacious avenue of Black friars-bridge, a noble structure of freestone eleven hundred feet long, which is seen on the left, proudly vaulting over the Thames, upon nine arches, the central one of which is a hundred feet wide.

Here, it is worth while to turn aside to take a view of the city which is no where better seen than from the footways of this bridge, substantially guarded by stone balustrades. The river Thames, about as wide as the Schuylkill at Philadelphia, crowded with boats and barges, winds under you to the right and left, through London bridge on one side, and Westminster bridge on the other, lined on both hands for miles together, with brick houses and stone steeples; among which you distinguish, through a mist of smoke, the slender column of the monument on one side, and the towers of Westminster abbey, with their Gothic pinnacles on the other; between which, and near enough to be distinctly seen, the west front of St. Paul's rises fifty feet above the adjacent houses to a square battlement ornamented with pediments and statues, while on each side of a Corinthian portico of coupled columns two airy turrets or belfrys contrast, by their spiral shape and open structure, with the massy elevation of the dome.

Up the river you see the grand arcade and terrace over which is built Somerset-house, a prodigious national structure, designed to concentrate a number of the public offices, and at a distance, observed in fog and smoke the immense roof of Westminster hall.

But to return to the foot of Ludgate hill by a noted stand of hackney
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coaches (which are here obliged to keep the middle of the street,) and go on through Fleet-street to Temple-bar. This was formerly a gateway, but it is now a useless incumbrance, only marking the bounds of the city before its western suburb exceeded it in beauty and extent. The present structure was erected by one of the Stuarts, and has been disgraced within half a century by the savage exhibition of the heads of the Scotch lords, who were executed for treason after the last rebellion : but you have no time for this, or any other reflection, being pressed forward by the crowd behind ; and jostling through its narrow passages, you pick your way in the mud by the walls of two churches that stand here in the middle of the street, compressing the torrent of passengers into a narrower channel than usual.

Here if you have been so lucky in your first excursion as not to have been hustled for a minny, in the throng of a boxing-match, a puppet-show, or a troop of dancing bears, you can hardly promise yourself to escape the privileged shove of a chimney-sweeper, or a mealman, and the humorous, or malicious exertions of the hackney-coachmen to splash a passenger that is too well drest to appear on foot.

The narrow street now widens into the Strand, and on your right opens the arcade of Somerset-house ; under which you enter the apartments of the Royal Academy for painting and sculpture ; where if it happens to be the time of the annual exhibition, the street will be blocked up with coaches.

By this time you will be struck with the frequent repetition of the royal arms, elegantly executed in bronze or stucco, over the door of every tradesman who has ever had the honour to serve any branch of the royal family with his wares ; and perhaps your admiration will be excited to risibility on beholding the insignia of royalty, accompanied with the ridiculous pretention of " bug-destroy-

er to his majesty," " needlemaker to the queen," or " inventor of a shining blackball, patronised by his royal highness the prince of Wales."

A long way further on you reach the gateway and screen before Northumberland-house near which three leading streets intersect each other; and here in the days of popery there was a Gothic structure surmounted with a cross from whence the name Charing-Cross. In its place there now stands an equestrian statute of Charles 1, elegantly executed in bronze, by a French artist of that age.

Here a spacious avenue opens to the left, which leads to the lodges of the horse-guards (at the principal entrance to the royal palaces), to the treasury, Westminster-hall, the two houses of parliament, Westminster abbey, &c. another turns to the right, which leads to the theatres, the palace of St. James's, and all the beautiful streets and squares of the court end of London, terminating in the Green-park, in which is the royal residence called Buckingham-house.

In this part of the town the streets are wide, and the buildings everywhere neat and substantial; though nowhere magnificent : every now and then opening into public squares, ornamented with grass-plots and shrubbery ; yet even here convenience is more studied than shew, and the town houses of the first nobility are rarely distinguishable from those of their opulent neighbours, either by size or splendour. The rich in England seem to have discovered, with national sagacity, that it is impossible for wealth or power to push the accommodations of domestic life beyond the limits that ingenuity has here devised for a comfortable winter's residence ; and the examples of Burlington-house, the palaces of the dukes of Montague, Bedford, and Northumberland; and other gloomy edifices, erected in the last century, upon the French model, secluded and secluded from public view are

no longer imitated or admired. The royal family itself inhabits a modern house, and only visits the palace of St. James's to attend the ceremonies of the chapel, or the parade of the levee.

By the time you can have ranged through the elegant rows of Piccadilly; taken a peep at Hyde-park, and attempted to estimate the throng of coaches.

Running at the ring of pleasure,

with one or two (sometimes three) footmen, according to the opulence or vanity of their masters, balancing behind them in splendid liveries, with umbrellas or gold-headed canes in their hands, it will be almost dark; and whether you return through Oxford-street, by Holborn and Snow-hill, or descend St. James's street to Pall-Mall, and go back the way you came, you will find every avenue lighted up with rows of lamps, not twenty yards asunder, and every shop illuminated with reverberating mirrors; elegant equipages, often lighted with flambeaux, rattling at full speed along the street, or across the corners; and hackney-coaches rumbling heavily on to Vauxhall, Ranelagh, the theatres, and other places of polite dissipation, which are all at this end of the town.

But if the night be drizzly (as it probably will) and you can't get a coach, take care you don't slip down upon the smooth and slimy pavement, while you guard your pockets from an apparently accidental jostle; but never stand to pick your way at a corner for it is better to step over shoe top, in mud than to be knocked down and run over. If a solitary female accosts you from a dark corner, turn a deaf ear; and only think yourself safe from open or covert dangers, when you shelter yourself in the temporary home, whether tavern, boarding-house or furnished lodging, that London readily affords to innumerable strangers, adapted to every disposition and graduated to every purse.

Yet even here the first night will be haunted with real, or imaginary terrors; your lingering slumbers will be broken with apprehensions of sudden fire, or secret assassination; and, in the hour of darkness, as you listen to the hollow murmur that perpetually rises from the surrounding street, you tremble at the idea of having risked yourself within the vortex of such a mighty mass of moving mischief.

The habit of a few nights, however, will settle your head, and you are gradually convinced by experience, that although forty thousand people may rise here every morning, without knowing how they shall obtain the subsistence of the day, it is still possible to live, even in London, secluded, and secure.

- "Such London is, by taste and wealth proclaim'd
 "The fairest capital of all the world,
 "By riot and incontinence the worst.
 "Where finds Philosophy her eagle eye,
 "With which she gazes at yon burning disk,
 "Undazzled, and detects and counts his spots?
 "In London; where her implements exact,
 "With which she calculates, computes, and scans
 "All distance, motions, magnitude, and now
 "Measures an atom, and now girds a world?
 "In London. Where has commerce such a mart,
 "So rich, so throng'd, so drain'd and so supplied,
 "As London?—opulent, enlarged, and still
 "Encreasing London! Babylon of old
 "Not more the glory of the earth than she,
 "A more accomplish'd world's chief glory now."

FOR THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

A TUTOR'S ADDRESS TO PARENTS.

As this is the first time I have been persuaded to publish the result of my thoughts and experience concerning the education of youth, it will perhaps not prove unacceptable, that I introduce the Reader, to the Writer, by first giving an account of himself.

I was brought up in a Country noted for the strictness of its moral

and religious discipline, during the period of youth. I came of parents who enjoyed that middle station of life, equally remote from luxury or scarcity; in which circumstances of being are generally found the greatest regard and observance of those rules, which regulate the moral world, and keep it in a state of health and perpetuity. Their condition afforded me leisure to attend to their instructions, and the means to pursue knowledge on a more enlarged scale than the domestic information of most parents is capable of directing. I continued either to instruct myself privately, or at intervals to attend some of the best seminaries in that part of the world, until I was twenty one years of age; so that from my years, and various gradations, from a humble school in a country situation, to the highest Academies of Edinburgh, I had many opportunities of seeing the different modes of instruction, and consequently of judging of those plans, which are best adapted for promoting the grand end of all education,—Wisdom and usefulness.

I have now been twelve years an instructor of youth in my turn, during which time I have gone through the different grades of public, private, and select teaching. I have read much concerning the most beneficial methods which might be adapted to soften the rigour of instruction; and make it not only more beneficial, but more happy during its progress. For my own improvement, I have written considerably on the subject, in order to condense my observations; and I have thought still more. From these obvious advantages, my friends, it will be apparent, that if any individual may be allowed capable of judging of the most proper mode of educating youth, so as to produce, what was mentioned before, as the desired end of all pure instruction:—*The greatest possible wisdom which can be cultivated in each individual, with the greatest possible usefulness to which he can be prepared*; I humbly suppose myself one who may be

safely entitled to speak to you on this subject.

If the present mode of educating youth be allowed to be erroneous, as it begins to be so by all well informed persons, who ardently wish to see the state of the human race made happier and better; we shall make but small progress in our alterations and reformatations, if at every step of our experiment, we are to be turned aside, or interrupted, by the shortsighted policy, false fears, sympathetic prejudices, or overweening affections and indulgencies of parents. I do not mean by these remarks that we should employ *the rod*, more than we do. I am as newfashioned in my sentiments on the erroneous exercise of that slavish instrument, as any of you can be. But how can a man, who has any respect towards himself; any regard for the future purity, well being, and happiness of his pupils, dispense with *that last sad appeal* to the human heart and understanding, when he finds many of them so brutified before he receives them; so led astray by mistaken indulgence; so far gone in self will and obstinacy; so pampered and effeminized by improper diet, clothing, and confinement; so weakly in body and imbecile in mind, for the want of proper objects of pursuit to exercise both:—and lastly, tho' not least, of all,—the poisonous discourses which they hear, too frequently, issuing from the mouths of those foul vomitories of corruption, who are older than themselves; and of course more hackneyed in the ways of sin and contagion!—Sad evils these—from which the watchful care of the most vigilant parents, can hardly hope entirely, to guard their tender little flock!

But O ye parents! my chief business is with you: with you must the work of reformation begin—unto you, ye Mothers, belongs the saint-like task of first forming the tender plastic mind; and Oh! consider the important trust which Providence has committed to your care! Consider the honourable station you hold, at

the head of a little family of sympathetic and imitative creatures; who are ready to catch instruction, of either a good or a bad kind, by every opening of your mouths; by every motion of your eye; by every movement of your body, and by every example which your conduct and behaviour may seem to imprint.

How circumspect ought then parents to be of their thoughts, words and actions, in the presence of their family, when they consider that the little keen eyed observers of their conduct are constantly looking up to them for direction; for instruction; for guidance; for liberty and enjoyment. Behold how vivid their impressions! a look of approbation or dislike, is sufficient to determine the course of the flexible child: but if you utter a word, and if you should not abide yourself, by what that word meant—O what a lesson do you teach the young moralist! Should the word you expressed be a *yes*, and yet you did not perform what you promised to the young eager expectant, who is predisposed by faithful and uncorrupted nature, to receive the impressions of truth in preference to falshood, as his little experience tells him there could be no confidence preserved among his young playmates, if they did not stick scrupulously by their promises, you forfeit the impression of your veracity with your child, and lessen your authority over him. Should, the word be a *no*—let it be irrevocable. Let no teasing, or importunities, no blandishments, or wheedlings of the child, much less screamings and cryings, incline you to recall your denials and prove yourself capable of a *falshood*. The child, when he once finds out that you are firm, and unshaken in your words, will soon cease from the unprofitable contest of trying your patience, or abusing your indulgence. This establishment of the importance of *truth*, in the minds of the young, is the solid foundation of all future instruction.

My bounds will not permit me to enter into all the minutia of what

is necessary to the due preparation of a good scholar; but this next fundamental maxim I must not pass over,—that, unless there be a proper understanding between the Teacher and his pupils, and a perfect confidence and coincidence of the parents in the capability, soundness of judgment, benevolence of temper and moral character of the former; an entire resignation into his hands of the reins of government and moral discipline, which are absolutely necessary to make himself respected and his pupils obedient,—no lasting benefit can otherwise be expected.—Anglozing education, is often, indeed got by the chancelike, apprentice-work manner so common in use throughout the country. There are speculators in that line of business, as well as in most others: and let those who will not pay for graduated candidates, suffer by their impostures. Once more allow me to mention to you, ye parents, the line of conduct you ought to pursue in the education of your offspring, and the manner of man you have a right to look for, to promote your endeavours in this all important work.—In the first place, if you should be so fortunate to find such a worthy person as I am here supposing, let him receive a respectable welcome amongst you;—let him occupy a respectable share of your attention when you meet, and above all things refrain from speaking degradingly concerning him, before your children. Let no mean jealousies shake your constancy in his uprightness, no tell tale sayings, misunderstandings, or erroneous relations alter your favourable opinion, & mislead your cooler judgment. Children who love their school, and those sorts of studies, which they believe to be useful to them, and which a judicious teacher endeavours to make as easy and cheerful as possible, have little temptation to misrepresent any action performed in the school. But as every pupil is not a voluntary lover of learning, but often rather, considers those rules and restraints

to which he has to conform in a well ordered school, as a *necessary drudgery* imposed on him by his elders, the advantages of which he can neither see, nor be made to understand, by any other means than force:—such a child will, on every apparent *flaw* in the masters conduct, whet his invention, to make the most of it, as a plausible handle to force himself from the thralldom of his supposed slavery and confinement. It is to be regretted that children of such disposition will occasionally mix in all schools—and much more is it to be deplored, that there should be found those of maturer years ready to listen to their unfounded reports, and to espouse their erroneous cause.

But the teacher who prefers reputation as superior to lucre, and honor above all things, will not hesitate to purge his school from such disgrace. And when he knows, that those scholars who give him the least uneasiness in school, are invariably those who are best regulated at home—they who are worthy to remain with him, will more than counterbalance the discontents—and in the end, the palpable superiority which such scholars and such parents manifest in their conduct and conversation, will operate more powerfully on the self-conceited minds of those other ignoramuses, than all the precepts in the world.

While the former will be qualified to appear in society as respectable and valuable members of it, the latter will perhaps, have sacrificed at the shrine of false pursuit, self-conceit, and obstinacy, their health and their intellect, their prospects and their characters.

Now, as was before observed, though the general mode of educating youth, be allowed to be erroneous, by those who have deeply reflected on the vast importance of a well directed education, as an indispensable pre-requisite to Virtue and happiness; yet it must be considered, that it is more in the mode than in the object. The pursuit of all creatures, ra-

tional or irrational is after happiness. And how strangely soever the rational being may err in the objects of his pursuit, these errors must proceed from his judgment, from his false reasonings, and from his depraved taste—It is the wholesome and proper direction of these, which must be his guide to this desirable end. Instinct is a sufficient guide to direct the brute, but *the Man* must not allow himself to be guided by such a capricious principle, or he will certainly miss his aim:—every days experience proves this. Reason is his guide, and reason to be productive of happiness must steer as clear of instinct as possible. Reason must not be selfish, or it will necessarily be sophistical; it must not be ostentatious, or it will generally evaporate in words; it must not be over ambitious, or it will spend its whole energies in the attainment of objects which it never can enjoy. No: It must steadfastly fix its regard on *virtue*, or it never can attain happiness.

This is the very point at which I wanted to arrive, in order to shew the absurdity of our method of practice in the education of youth. The whole concern and pursuit is, not to form the character and the heart, but to instil certain things called *accomplishments* into the head. It matters not by what perverse means those things are acquired, so that they are possessed, within the limits of a whole skin, and frequently at the expense of *moral virtue*. The latter expression perhaps, the accomplished scholar never heard, either at home or in school, unless perchance it was to repeat it from a book. Education seems in the present times, to have degenerated into a system of self defence, as young men learn the art of fencing, in the pretence of being prepared to ward off assault, but as often perhaps, to become dextrous in making an attack. Such precisely is the tendency of our present mode of education. We consider our fellow creatures corrupt, and therefore we must become knowing to guard

against them; cunning, and so we must become learned to over-reach them. All this is only a refinement on the tyger and shark practice; we do not literally kill each other but we do each other all the harm we can in a refined and lingering way.

Now, how much easier and better would it be to try to make us good; and we would easily avoid all their impositions. Surely it is a poor excuse for me, because my neighbour is a knave or a villain, that I must industriously set about studying those principles which constitute him such; or I shall be imposed upon by his superior dexterity. This would be purchasing information at too dear a price: acquiring safety at the expense of purity. Exactly in this predicament is the pupil of a public school. He, or she, is sent daily to receive certain lessons on different branches of art or science, and a certain routine of mechanical duty is performed, by means of emulation, confinement or necessity. The heart can have no share in those dry studies, because it does not feel itself bettered by them. The understanding cannot appreciate their worth, because it has never been consulted in the adoption of them. They are told they will prove beneficial when they grow up to man's and woman's estate. Alas! this is a distant period which some of them might never see. All this time the culture of the heart, and formation of the judgment are quietly neglected; which would both teach them better how to live and certainly prepare them better how to die.

But those are but few of the moral evils attending the present mode. The physical, are if possible, still more deplorable. The unhappy pupil rises in the morning; washes his hands and face, and takes his breakfast in bitterness of heart; thinking on the long hours of imprisonment he must undergo during the day; hours, unenlivened by a single ray of intellectual light, or heart stirring exercise; undergoing the same mo-

notonous drudgery through a period of eight hours daily & no sooner is he liberated from his confinement & drudgery, than he is consigned over to the care of his parents, who generally prove no less relenting than his Tutor, by forbidding him to play with his fellows, fearing they should corrupt him by their bad example.

Deprived of that intellectual food so congenial to the minds of youth, and that of animating exercise, so salutary to the health and strength of the body—the poor plodding pupil soon degenerates into a dull mechanical performer of his duties; and is glad to find at last, after having spent perhaps ten or twelve years of his precious youth, to the detriment of his health and growth, that he proves qualified to compute loss and gain, write a fair hand, and can arrange merchants accounts in the columns of a day book or Ledger.

Is it any wonder that true Genius should be such a rare quality in the present time, although the form of instruction is almost universal, while this plodding mercantile system of education prevails? It would certainly redound much to the interest and honor of parents, and prove a great advantage and happiness to their children, were they to renounce a portion of their own judgment and tenderness concerning the management of their offspring, and place them all (if circumstances would permit) under the care of some humane and skilful gentleman as boarders; in which station it would be the Instructors interest, as well as pleasure, to attend their amusements, as assiduously, as to their intellectual improvement; and never to allow them to sit stock still above two hours at a time. He ought alternately to lead them from the academic benches to the fields, for gymnastick exercises; to the groves, for botanick researches, and to the garden, to learn the wholesome and primeval employment of our first parents. In all these relaxations from more severe studies, instruction

should still be going on : not a minute of precious time should be lost but in sleep : every thing should be made subservient to information ; even their meals should convey a lesson.

Were such a method pursued by a superintendent qualified for the task, incalculable would be the benefits resulting. But beware—that the person who should undertake such an arduous and enlightening task, be profoundly qualified ; a man of taste and enlarged mind, or all would prove abortive.

It must not be forgot, that there are several NEW SCHOOLS, starting up in different places, of the United States, professing themselves to be formed and conducted on plans different from any known heretofore, in this country. These, I would fondly hope, are improvements. But whether they are conducted on a plan, sufficiently philosophical, to insure their success, the writer dare not say, as he has not had the good fortune to observe their process. One only which has been lately adopted in this country, he can with perfect safety approve and recommend, as it has already stood *the test of time* ; and every year adds to its extraordinary utility :—I mean the plan of Mr. Lancaster. But as it is purely intended for the benefit of those, who are not in circumstances to choose a more select plan, it does not at all coincide with the plan I have here briefly hinted. If these observations should in any degree, tend to cast a more general light on the all important subject of EDUCATION, the writer of them shall consider his labour as happily employed ; and with the blessing of Providence, the subject shall be continued accordingly.

QUINTILLIAN.

[FROM THE PORT FOLIO]

BIOGRAPHIE MODERNE.

We have received a copy of the *Biographie Moderne*, a French work, said to have been suppressed

by the police of Paris, but recently translated in England. It will be superfluous to mention how very suspicious are most of the works of this class which affect to delineate the history and character of the rulers of France : but, as the present volumes are said to possess more authenticity than others of the same kind, we have selected some brief notices of a few prominent individuals.

The following is the account of the Prince of Ponte Corvo, now at the head of the government of Sweden.

BERNADOTTE, was born at Pau, in Bearn. At the time of the revolution he was a sergeant in the regiment of royal marines, of which M. Merle d'Ambert was colonel. His activity, his talents, and his bravery, advanced him rapidly, and he was commander of a demi-brigade, when Kleber, having distinguished him, employed him in various expeditions, procured for him an appointment to be general of a brigade, and soon obtained for him the command of a division of the army of Sambre and Meuse, at the head of which he fought in the battle of Fleurus, 1794. On the second of July, 1795, he contributed to the passage of the Rhine, near Newwid, and in the course of August took the city of Altorf. On the 22d, his division, posted in front of Newmarek, was repulsed, together with the whole army under general Jourdan, but in the retreat Bernadotte distinguished himself as commander of the advanced guard. In 1796 he joined the army of Italy, and shared in the glory of the Tagliamento expedition. Soon after he took Palma Nova, Lamina, Caporetto, &c. &c. A short time before the 18th Fructidor, Bernadotte, in the name of his division, signed an address against the party which was that day overcome. Not long before he had commanded the arrest of M. d'Entraigues, who was attached to the Russian legation at Venice, and in whose correspondence papers were found, which served to point out the

reasons for the measures which had been taken against a part of the members of the two councils, General Bonaparte afterwards sent him to Paris, to present to the directory the standards taken at Pischiera after the battle of Rivoli. About the end of September, 1797, he was appointed commandant of Marseilles, but preferred returning to the head of his division. On the 18th of January, 1798, he was sent on an embassy to Vienna, where he remained not long, for the inhabitants having joined to celebrate a festival to show their joy at the warlike preparations of their volunteers, designed to combat the French, who the preceding year had menaced their city, Bernadotte thinking this anniversary an insult to his country, on the same day gave a festival in his own palace in honour of the victories of the French arms, and planted on the outside the tri-coloured banner. The people of Vienna exasperated, strove to compel him to remove the banner, the palace was forced, and several guns were fired; shortly after Bernadotte quitted the country, but in his account spoke with respect of the emperor, throwing the whole blame on the baron de Thugut. On his arrival at Paris, he refused the command of the fifth military division, and also declined accepting of an embassy to the Hague, to which he had been appointed. For a long time, but without success, he endeavoured to obtain public reparation for the insult he had received at Vienna, and a formal testimony of approbation of his conduct. About the end of August, 1798, Bernadotte married the daughter of a merchant of Avignon, who was settled at Genoa, named Clary. The young lady, sister-in-law to prince Joseph Bonaparte, had been originally betrothed to general Duphot, who was killed in a popular tumult at Rome. In 1799, Bernadotte being commander in chief of an army of reserve, bombarded Philisbourg, and drove from Franckfort the agents of Austria and the emigrants. After

that petty revolution of the 19th of May, 1799, which expelled Merlin, Trielhard, and Lareveilliere, from the directory, Bernadotte was appointed war minister, and in the midst of the misfortunes of the armies and the depredations and confusion of a dismembered government, he acted with surprising energy in that department. The directory, taking alarm at his connexion with several democrats, he was superseded by Millet Mureau; and yet that party in vain urged him to declare himself, and to overturn the projects attributed to Sieyes. He quietly withdrew, and after the 18th Brumaire was appointed a state counsellor, and commander in chief of the western army. In several engagements he dispersed the remains of the Chouans, and on the 6th of June, 1800, prevented the English from landing at Quiberon. The year following he gave up the command to general Laborde; his health then gave way alarmingly, and he appeared sinking under a species of decline. He recovered, however, and rose higher and higher in the estimation of the first consul, who, on obtaining the imperial diadem, made him marshal of the empire. In June, 1804, he was nominated to the command of the army of Hanover, and a few months afterwards appointed chief of the 8th cohort of the legion of honour. In March, 1805, though absent, he was chosen president of the electoral college in the department of Vaucluse, and a few days after by that of the Hautes Pyrenees was elected candidate for the senate. At the same time the king of Prussia conferred on him the title of the knight of the black and red eagles, and his example was followed by the elector of Bavaria, who sent him the badge of the grand order of St. Hubert. Marshal Bernadotte left Hanover with the chief part of his army about the end of Sept, 1805, and on the 25th of the same month, after having traversed Hesse and the margravate of Anspach, he reached Wartzburgh, where he joined the

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Bavarians who had just entered into alliance with France, and soon restored them to their capital, after which he went to the Ilér, and thence against the Russians, subsequently to the important victory gained at Ulm.

[FROM THE PORT FOLIO]

TOUR THROUGH JAMAICA.

SPANISH TOWN, FEB. 1811.

DEAR W.

I have reached, you perceive, another town. *Incidet Scyllam cupiens vitare Charybdem.* My journey to it was accompanied with a considerable degree of pleasure. The prospects on each side of me, as I advanced, were frequently beautiful, picturesque and romantic. The road from Kingston is a turnpike, and very fine. Logwood and other trees, natural to the tropics, are planted on each side, which contribute much to the romantic beauty of its appearance. Extensive lawns, checkered with mansion houses and negro cottages, and interspersed with cattle, grazing in every direction, constantly met the eye as I proceeded; and formed a scene of more pastoral simplicity than any of which the fabulous Arcadia had to boast.

Near Spanish Town, or *St. Jago de la Vega*, we crossed a river, which was called the Rio de Cobre by the Spaniards, and which still preserves its original name. Over this stream, (for it is nothing more than a stream) they have thrown a cast-iron bridge, which they seem to consider as a perfect phenomenon in the mechanical world. The *Cobre* is beautifully romantic. It winds in a meandering and serpentine course around the outskirts of the town, and finally empties itself into the ocean. On each side, arises trees of the most lovely form, and exquisite verdure, which decorate its banks & add embellishment to utility. This is the larg-

est stream in the island. The colour of its water is that of copper, from which it has derived its name. In seasons of rain which happen during the months of May and October, it swells to the magnitude of a river, and, with such rapidity, as to render it almost dangerous to pass. This happens during the rainy months to all the streams in the island, which, in a few hours, increase them so wonderfully as to make them almost totally impassable, and replete with the utmost danger. Instances are mentioned where travellers have been overtaken in the midst of the stream by an impetuous current, and swept to death, without the possibility of resistance or succor. These currents, which are occasioned by inundations, flow through extensive and picturesque glades, and frequently sink from view in the bosom of valleys; and, in a short time, the water which might have been useful, totally disappears. Their rivers or streams are, from their physical situation, often strikingly beautiful and romantic; winding for miles through verdant glens, gliding between stupendous mountains, hurrying over huge and terrific precipices, in the form of cascades, and frequently disappearing, of a sudden, in the earth, and afterwards giving rise to other streams which pursue their wild and meandering course with the same irregularity and beauty.

The island is fortunately well watered. There are here, according to Long, the historian of Jamaica, two hundred rivers; but of these none are navigable for vessels of magnitude. The water of these streams, even at their source, is to me perfectly unpalatable, though very pure and salubrious.

This island cannot boast of many medicinal springs, as the minerals calculated to give salubrity to the water are not very numerous. Yet, as in all other countries, there are watering places to which the inhabitants sometimes repair, much less to benefit health than to murder time.

St Jago de la Vega is said to have been founded in the sixteenth century by Don Diego Columbus, the far-famed but unfortunate discoverer of America. This town is delightfully situated; but its houses are, on the whole, mean antiquated, and inelegant. The most beautiful edifice of which perhaps the island can boast, is the governor's palace, which certainly possesses much elegance, and displays much taste. It is here they have fixed the seat of government. This, they say, was done to prevent the inhabitants of Kingston and Port Royal from having too great a portion of power and influence in the legislature of the island; but, in reality, it was nothing more than a finesse of the inland inhabitants of that quarter to increase the value of their property, and thus aggrandize their individual interests.

The duke of Manchester is the present governor of Jamaica. He resides generally in Spanish Town. He appears to be too fat and robust to possess much talent. His good nature, however, counterbalances the absence of genius; and he is beloved, if he is not esteemed. His annual salary is 5000 pounds currency; and the perquisites of his other offices amount to 5000 more, making in all 10,000 pounds, or 30,000 dollars per annum. The governor is sole chancellor of the island, ordinary for granting letters of administration, and sole officer for the probate of wills and testaments. He is allowed, besides his usual salary, an extensive pen or plantation in the country, well stocked with provisions and negroes, from which he enjoys an annual income of 1,500 pounds. He does not appear to be very extravagant in his mode of living. The nobility of England are not his models. Like the majority of the inhabitants of the island, he is smitten with the prevalent passion, lust of wealth, and perhaps does not expend annually the fourth part of his enormous income.

To promote social intercourse and

sexual union, the governor is allowed for the purpose of a ball or assembly once a year 1,500 dolis; but, either having an aversion to such amusements, or, like many of our theologians, deeming it an encouragement of vice and iniquity in the island, he very judiciously dispenses with it, and makes use of the money in supplying the extravagance of his lady, the dutchess, who is; I understand, like the women of ton in England, where gambling is no crime, a perfect adept in the management of dice and the shuffling of cards.

I shall not pretend to vouch for the correctness of this assertion. I heard it, however, from a source, the respectability of which leaves no room to doubt its truth; and you are at liberty to draw from it what inference you please respecting the character of the governor of Jamaica.

The legislature of the island, which is also held in this town, is composed of a commander in chief, a council of twelve appointed by the king, and a house of assembly, which consists of forty-three members. These members are elected by the voters of the island, who, by the by, must each possess a freehold of 10*l* per annum before they are by law entitled to vote. No one can be a representative who has not an estate of 3000*l* a year, or personal property to the same amount. Every law which has obtained the assent of the governor is held valid until it be disapproved of by the crown. Their laws are similar to those of the mother country, except in a few instances where local circumstances and situation rendered particular alterations necessary.

There is here a court of judicature which is called the *Grand Court*, and is composed of gentlemen who reside in the island. The president of this assembly is the chief justice of Jamaica. On every action above 300*l* there is an appeal to the governor and his council; but if the case be felony, or any crime punishable with death, to the governor alone.

The most lucrative office in the island appears to be that of the clerk of the supreme court. This office is held, like most others in Jamaica, by a crown patent; and its duties executed by deputation. It is supposed to be worth 12,000*l* currency. Its possessor perhaps has never seen the island, and very judiciously resides where his enjoyments are more numerous and his sources of gratification less circumscribed. It is said that there are many other sinecures of this sort held by patent and commission, and executed by deputies that remit to the holders in Great Britain the enormous sum of 40,000*l* per annum.

In Spanish Town is held constantly the office of enrolments, in which the laws of the island are recorded; and also wills, deeds, patents and sales. From this office it is necessary for every person who has resided six weeks in the island to obtain a passport before he takes his departure—and the captain who admits him as a passenger without receiving such passport is liable to a penalty of 1000*l*.

Jamaica was, at one period, under military law; the remains of which still continue in the office of provost marshal-general. This is an office of great prerogative, and is granted by the crown.

The authorities of the provost general are numerous, and his powers various and extensive. Like most office-holders, he resides in England and acts by proxy, which he finds a more pleasant and less fatiguing mode of discharging the duties of his official situation.

The inns here are execrable; and the accommodations are wretched in the extreme. You are frequently left alone in a room for hours; and if you be in want of any thing, you are under the necessity of going over every part of the house to look for a servant to procure it. I was an hour waiting for breakfast, after I had called for it, the morning on which I arrived; and when it was served

up, it was scarcely eatable. The inn-keeper, too indolent or too proud to attend himself to the business of the house, leaves its management entirely to his black or mulatto mistress, who, elevated by the pride of so honorable a distinction, with reluctance condescends to order her slaves to attend to your wants.—These slaves, having been accustomed to a jargon to me unintelligible, it is with the utmost difficulty you can make them comprehend you, and are therefore obliged to communicate your meaning by signs. There are however, private lodging-houses, in which you are better accommodated, but in which the same solitude prevails. These are kept generally by mulatto women, who deem it a mark of arrogance and presumption to enter into conversation with their guests, and thus to interrupt their solitary meditations. These miserable wretches seem to regard a white man as a superior being, and approach him with all the humility of reverence. They have none of that loquacity, which some of our officious hostesses possess; and unless you address them, they will observe the most respectful and rigid silence.

Adieu.

[From the Port Folio.]

AMERICAN GALLANTRY.

The following is an extract from a manuscript work by General Lee which is now in the press.

After the battle of Brandywine, Washington advanced to meet the enemy, who after three day's repose on the field of battle directed his route to the upper part of the Schuylkill. Separated by a tempest, the American general exerted himself to replenish the ammunition of his army destroyed by the fall of rain from the insecurity of their cartouch boxes, and artillery tumbrils, while the British general pursued his course across the Schuylkill, directing his route to the American metropolis.

Contiguous to the enemy's route, lay some flour stored in mills for the use of the American army, the destruction of which was deemed expedient by the commander in chief. Lieutenant colonel Hamilton (the celebrated Alexander Hamilton) was despatched for that purpose with capt. Lee (Henry Lee afterwards lieutenant colonel Lee of the Legion cavalry.) Colonel Hamilton took possession of a flat-bottomed boat to transport himself and his party across the river, should his object in consequence of the near approach of the enemy prove impracticable. A small party of horsemen were detached from the main body in front of the enemy with the order of execution. These mills stood on the bank of the Schuylkill. Two videttes were posted on the summit of a hill which the party were obliged to descend in their route to the mills. The fire of the videttes, announced the appearance of the enemy; and the dragoons were ordered instantly to embark. Of the small party four took possession of the boat, with the lieutenant colonel, the van of the enemy's horse pressing down the hill in pursuance of the two videttes. Captain Lee, with the remaining two, resolved to attempt regaining the bridge rather than to detain the boat. Hamilton was committed to the flood and compelled to struggle against a violent current, increased by recent rains, while Lee relied for safety on the soundness and swiftness of his horse. The attention of the enemy being engaged by his attempt for the bridge, delayed for a few minutes the attack upon the boat, and afforded to Hamilton's party a better chance for escape. The two videttes preceded Lee, as he reached the bridge; and himself with four dragoons safely passed it, although the enemy's front section emptied their carabines and pistols at the distance of ten or twelve paces. Lee's apprehension for the safety of Hamilton continued to increase, as he heard volleys of carabines discharged upon the boat which

were only returned by guns singly and occasionally. He trembled for the probable issue; and as soon as the pursuit ended, which did not last long, he despatched a dragoon to the commander in chief, describing with fears and anxiety what had passed, and his sad pressage. His letter was scarcely perused by Washington before Hamilton himself appeared, and, ignorant of the contents of the paper in the general's hand, renewed his attention to the ill-boding separation with the probability that his friend Lee had been cut off, inasmuch as instantly after he turned for the bridge, the British horse reached the mill, and commenced their operations upon the boat. Washington with joy relieved his fears, by giving his aid-de-camp the captain's letter. Thus continues the narrator, who was himself one of the party, did fortune smile upon these two young soldiers already united in friendship which ceased only with life. Lieutenant colonel Hamilton escaped unhurt; but the four dragoons with one of the boatmen were wounded.

When general Greene retreated from lord Rawdon (the present earl of Moira,) Fort Motte was rigorously invested by brigadier-general Marion and lieutenant colonel Lee. This fort formed a principal depot of the convoys from Charleston to Camden, and sometimes for those destined for Fort Granby. A large and commodious mansion-house belonged to Mrs. Motte. Her deceased husband was a firm friend to the cause of America; and her daughter was the wife of major Pinkney who had fought and bled in the service of his country.* This house was seated on a high commanding hill, surrounded by a deep trench, along the interior margin of which was raised a strong and lofty parapet, garrisoned with about one hundred and fifty men. An intimate friendship subsisted between lieutenant colonel Lee & Mrs. Motte; and the house in which she then resided was made that officer's quarter. Every officer of his corps like-

wise daily experienced the liberality of that excellent woman. Her table was covered always with all the luxuries the country could afford; and her sideboard presented the best wines of Europe. She administered comfort and relief to the wounded soldiers, & assuaged the miseries of war by her benevolence. The nocturnal illumination from the fires in the camp of lord Rawdon gave evidence of approaching succor to the garrison, and likewise admonished the besieging party that a speedy and decisive assault became every hour more indispensable. The burning of the house was resolved on; and it became a question who should communicate to Mrs. Motte such painful intelligence. Colonel Lee assumed on himself this delicate office. This exemplary lady relieved that officer from his embarrassment, by declaring that she was gratified by an opportunity to testify her devotion to her country by such a personal sacrifice. The commander of the fort in momentary anticipation of succor obstinately refused to surrender; and the means of conflagration were prepared. These consisted of bows and arrows tipped with inflammable and combustible materials. Mrs. Motte, by accident seeing this, sent for the lieutenant colonel, presented him with a bow and its apparatus imported from India, and requested him to substitute this as better suited to his object than those which he had prepared. Thus equipped the besieging party repaired to their stations; a flag of truce was sent for the last time, and exemplary vengeance was denounced, if the British officer still maintained the siege. He still continued deaf to remonstrances; extremities were now resorted to, and the house soon blazed with unextinguishable flames. A white flag the signal of surrender was displayed by the garrison; and the exasperated conquerors took possession of the fort. Amongst the prisoners was one man, a refugee, who was charged with the crime of having burned the houses of his neighbours

who favoured the cause of their country. The militia loudly demanding vengeance, the British officer was reminded of the punishment that was threatened; and he with intrepidity replied that he was ready to meet any consequences which the discharge of his duty might produce. Thus braved, the reader is now prepared to anticipate the sequel. It was this: not a drop of blood was shed by the Americans, not an article of private property taken. Macpherson, (the British commander,) and his officers accompanied their captors to Mrs. Motte's, and partook of a sumptuous entertainment there provided. He was shortly after sent to Charleston on his parole pursuant to his own request. It is difficult to conceive of higher acts of heroism than these throughout. It is not in the tented field, not in the often mere brutal intrepidity of confronting danger, that man displays heroism of the highest class: it is in that self command, that is capable of discriminating between victory and vengeance. Had this action been performed by transatlantic agents, with what delight and rapture would Americans have dwelt on its rehearsal! Posterity will not pass it over in silence although performed by Americans.

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[From the Port Folio.]

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POLITE SCHOLAR.

I should be most disgracefully unworthy of the title which I have assumed, if I did not speak in the tones of rapture, of the merits of *Joseph Addison*. The most accomplished artificer of words, "sweet and voluble," of any author, *Oliver Goldsmith* excepted, that ever moulded the manners, refined the taste, purified the morals, or enkindled the genius of the nations. A polite scholar, unless he be a very idle one, reads, it is well known, every thing which falls in his way, pertinent to his favourite studies. I am at a loss to discover the opulent exchequer,

whence I derived the following *golden* sentences, plausible of an admired author. It is enough, if I pronounce them *sterling*, at once *current*, *solid*, and *shining*.

So much has been written upon the writings of Addison, that it is almost equally superfluous to condemn or to praise him. His beauties have gained him admirers who have considered him as an example of every excellence; while his imperfections have raised against him a host of enemies, who have denied his claim to the title of a philosopher, a critic, and a poet.

The style which Addison has chosen, however it may have been praised by Johnson, as being equally free from pomposity and weakness, is undoubtedly defective. His selections of words, to express the common occurrences of life, is eminently happy, and he produces the ease of common conversation, without debasing his diction by vulgarity of expression. But while he is exact in the choice of his words, he has paid no attention to the harmony of his cadence. The words upon which the force of his sentences principally depends, are frequently placed where they cannot be pronounced, but by rendering the passage weak and inanimate, or the voice is exhausted by the length and confusion of the period. For these reasons, we ought not to consider him as a model of the middle style, but as an example of it. If we wish to gain a style familiar, but not coarse; elegant, but not ostentatious; we must apply our time to the volumes of the more modern moralists, some of who have preserved his ease, without copying his weakness; and have united to his purity of language greater melody of period.

But it is not only the characteristic of a good writer, that his style in general is melodious and correct, but that the construction of his periods and the selection of his words, are varied according to the nature of his subject. On light subjects he should

be easy, and on grave subjects dignified. He should discant with elegance on the topics of the day, and employ the pomp of language to give energy to greatness of thought, or splendour of expression. If we examine the compositions of Addison by this rule, he will not deserve much praise.

Whether he endeavours to elevate us by sublimity, or to please us by wit, his style is equally without animation. He employs as little of the force of rhetoric, to paint the grandeur of the universe, as to describe the ornaments of a lady's head-dress, and discants with an equal profusion of words upon the extent of eternity and the affectation of a prude.

We sometimes therefore, turn from a paper, in which every power of learning and of judgment has been employed, without being impressed by its dignity, or pleased with its truth. The strength of his arguments, and the energy of his thoughts are frequently insufficient to preserve our attention. We feel the merit of the writer, and admire his piety or his knowledge, but are dissatisfied, we know not why, and close his volume without regret. But this effect is not always produced. There is sometimes an ingenuity of remark, and a justness of conception, which even the demerit of his style is unable to conceal. He is particularly fortunate in his selection of all that can add to the interest of his subject. When he wishes to convince, he is generally powerful;—when he endeavours to persuade, he is always irresistible. To those papers, which are distinguished by wit, or which describe the daily occurrences of life, his style is more particularly applicable. We are not in them disgusted by a dissimilarity of sentiment and language; but our fancy is pleased, and our judgment is satisfied. It is true, that even in the style of these papers, he may be excelled; but his conquerors must owe their elevation to his aid.

If we consider the sentiments of

Addison, independent of his style, we shall find much to admire and little to condemn. His writings display in every sentence the man of learning, the philosopher, and the gentleman. His remarks upon life are such as display that knowledge of the world, and that intimacy with the gay, the witty, & the polite, which are necessary to render the fruits of study more valuable and useful. He has the art of descanting upon trifles without minuteness, and of rendering the temporary follies of the day the vehicles of general instruction—the colour of a lady's slipper, or the magnitude of her fan, are converted, in the hands of Addison, into a theme for morality and wit. He seems to persuade as a friend, rather than to correct as a teacher; and rather endeavours to allure our attention by a smile, than to command our reverence by a frown.

But with all his beauties he cannot be considered as entitled to the applause of genius. He displays energy of thought, brilliancy of wit and extent of learning; but he does not display that creative power, which animates the page of unlettered ignorance. The universality of his reading, has enabled him to illustrate his arguments, and to enforce his precepts by the talents and the authority of the writers of ancient and modern ages; but he never astonishes by unexpected splendor and sublimity of thought. He has done all that the wit, the scholar, and the gentleman could do; but he has done no more.

His claim to the title of critic, has been denied by men who were remarkable for mistaking affectation for wit, and harshness for dignity; who from the throne of literary despotism affected to look down with contempt upon all whose superiority endangered their power, and who considered the taste of Addison as a contrast to their own laboured and pedantic ostentation. But whatever reception may be given to the writer who endeavors to veil simplicity in learned

obscurity, and to render sublimity unintelligible, the title of a critic must be finally allowed to that man who displays the beauties of an author, and corrects his errors, without deviating from the laws of nature and taste. To this praise Addison is entitled. He does not judge of the beauty of a metaphor, by observing that it is equalled by Homer, or inform us that a simile is mean because it might have been more exact in the hands of Virgil: when the palm-trees of Asia are mentioned, he does not prove that the passage is contemptible because it does not agree with the description of Strabo; nor censure Milton as a dunce, because mathematics will not show the propriety of his images.

His merits, as a critic, will be best displayed by inquiring of what his enemies have convicted him. They have proved that he praised an author in proportion to his adherence to nature and to truth; that he never disgusted his readers by mysterious nonsense, nor employed a chapter in rendering perspicuity intelligible; that he never soared upon the clouds of dulness above the bounds of comprehension, nor forgot the beauties of his author to admire the visions of Plato and Pythagoras. Such are the charges of which Addison has been accused, by men whose formality will have consigned them to oblivion, when time shall have matured the laurels which Justice has planted around his tomb.

If it be allowed that he does not examine the merits of an author, with all the subtlety of refinement, and that he displays delicacy of judgment rather than profundity of reasoning, yet this concession places him as a critic in the first rank. The writer who examines the genius of an author with rigorous sagacity, and he who decides by the influence of taste, have perhaps, equally improved the judgment of the world, though their pursuits are different. The inquiries of the one are formed to gra-

tify the scholar, the essays of the other to please and to improve the reader.

His poetry displays the talents of a man, who was incapable of sublimity and could avoid meanness. His compositions are ornamented by learning, but are not illuminated by genius. His metaphors are generally false, and similies imperfect. He seems to have aimed at correctness, but is frequently faulty in his rhymes, and sometimes disgusts by repetition. Johnson has praised his Campaign as superior to the other poems which were written upon the same occasion; but this is not a proof of the abilities of its authors, but the dulness of his rivals. His letter from Italy and his verses to Kneller merit the praises they have received; but if these be retained as the productions of a man who appeared above contempt in whatever he pursued, the rest of his poetry may be suffered to glide into oblivion, without injustice to its author, or injury to the world.

As a perfect magician in the management of *style*, we have always admired lord BOLINGBROKE. He has more perfectly at command the "*ardentia verba*," than any of the moderns. He is an eloquent enthusiast, whether he speaks logically in the praise of Virtue, or sophistically, as the apologist for Vice. A great and original genius, one of his contemporaries, who knew him perfectly, thus describes the character of the *all-accomplished* St. John.

It happens to very few men in any age or country, to come into the world with so many advantages of nature and fortune, as the late secretary Bolingbroke. Descended from the best families in England; heir to a great patrimonial estate; of a sound constitution, and a most graceful person: all these, had they been of equal value, were infinitely below, in degree, to the accomplishments of his mind, which was ADORNED WITH THE CHOICESTS THAT GOD HATH YET THOUGHT FIT TO BESTOW UPON THE

CHILDREN OF MEN. He was blessed with a strong memory; a clear judgment; a vast range of wit and fancy; a thorough comprehension and invincible eloquence, with a most agreeable elocution. He had well cultivated all these talents by travel and study; the latter of which he seldom omitted even in the midst of his pleasures, of which he had indeed been too great and criminal a pursuer. For, although he was persuaded to leave off intemperance in wine, which he did for some time to such a degree, that he seemed quit abstemious; yet he was said to allow himself other liberties, which can by no means be reconciled to religion or morals. But he was fond of mixing pleasure and business, and of being esteemed excellent at both; upon which account he had a great respect for the characters of Alcibiades and Petronius, especially the latter, whom he would gladly be thought to resemble. His detractors charged him with some degree of affectation, and, perhaps, not altogether without grounds: since it was hardly possible for a young man with half the business of the nation upon him, and the applause of the whole, to escape that infirmity. He had been early bred to business; was a most artful negociator, and perfectly understood foreign affairs. But what I have often wondered at, in a man of his temper, was his prodigious application, whenever he thought it necessary; for he would plod whole days and nights like the lowest clerk in an office. His talent of speaking in public, for which he was so very much celebrated, I know nothing of, except from the information of others; but men of understanding, of both parties, have assured me, that, in this point, in their memory and judgment, he was never equalled.

RUSSIAN COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE.

COURTSHIP preceding marriage is in the Ukraine attended with circumstances, some of which will ex-

cite your surprise, perhaps your incredulity; nothing indeed, but a conviction of the fact, could have removed my own doubts on the subject.

Winter, between Christmas and the great Lent, is the season of marriage, through the whole country; spring, summer and autumn are the periods of courtship, during which young men and women have their assemblies, or meetings, called *Ulitzia*, in the open air, on some field, or in a street, as is implied by the term itself; for the word, *Ulitzia*, is the same as our *Ulitza* (street), with the single variation of the final *a* into the diphthong *ia*. These meetings are attended by music, dancing and singing, *all night*, if the weather permits; which makes travelling at night through small villages extremely pleasant and romantic. The traveller is successively awakened by the merry echo, to the happiness of the people; a happiness resembling that of the primeval ages. It is astonishing how human nature can endure an exertion, which, by the labors of the day and the frolics of the night, is prolonged, I might say, uninterruptedly, throughout the summer, except when the weather is unfavorable.

Towards the end of autumn, when the increasing cold renders it impossible to continue these meetings in the open air, the lasses take refuge at the house of some young couple who were married in the last season, where assembles, every evening, a number of young men; and, what is very uncommon, the whole of the entertainment, with the exception of spirituous liquors, is intirely at the females' expense; each bringing a certain kind and portion of provision, according to the means of her parents. After the company is retired, and the lights extinguished, the girls wait to let in their favorites, whom they had previously whispered to return, and who generally contrive to elude their company, and steal back to their mistresses. This is the

decisive moment of the lovers felicity, or complete disappointment; for if the object of his courtship does not whisper him to return, his hopes are at an end; but if she thus distinguish him, he becomes her professed lover, and considers their future union as certain.

The number of girls who remain at the house seldom exceeds five: they spread their beds on the floor, and repose the rest of the night with their respective lovers; while the master sleeps with his wife in a place elevated half way between the floor and the ceiling, so as not to disturb his visitors and former friends; it being a point of honor, that he who marries first should accommodate the rest in the same manner.

From this it is evident, that a young man never considers himself as the accepted lover, till such a time as the young woman admits, or rather invites, him to her night conference, which is generally with the knowledge or implied consent of her parents. But I solemnly assure you, that the young pair, notwithstanding this indulgence before marriage never abuse it. If the parents of a marriageable girl were to prevent her from going to these meetings, they would be thought by others morose, capricious, and unreasonable; they would infallibly excite the indignation of the young men, who never fail, in such cases, to revenge the affront.

In the house where I lodged, a girl for some offence was to be punished with confinement at home during a whole night. The young men, having received a hint of this detention, surrounded the house, hooting, storming and disturbing the family so effectually, that the father found it necessary to let his daughter go. On her pretending unwillingness, he by main force thrust her out at the door, and bolted it. Looking out of a window (it being a moonlight night), I could not help smiling at the astonishing agility with which she cleared the fence, and joined her

clamorous friends, ere her father was well out of sight.

In no other country within my knowledge is marriage so little hindered by difference of circumstances between the parties; neither riches nor poverty form any barrier. If the young man is industrious and honest, he may pretend to the richest girl in the village, without fearing any impediment from the refusal of her parents: her love and consent are all he need endeavor to obtain. It is no uncommon thing for a servant of good character, after he has succeeded in ingratiating himself into favor with his young mistress, to wait on his master, and inform him of his daughter's attachment. The father immediately calls in his daughter; and if her lips, or her blushes, confirm the information, the match is made instantly, and the servant becomes one of the family.

If both parties are poor, their poverty is no prevention of their wishes; they wait no longer than is necessary by their industry, or the assistance of others, very readily offered on such occasions, to procure decent apparel for the day of their marriage. When they are married, every one, present at the entertainment given on the first and second day, bestows on the young couple whatever he can best afford: one gives a sheep, another a pig, or a cow, and so on; till the young couple, though possessing nothing before, have now a farming stock, which enables them to begin the world; and, if they are industrious they cannot fail of thriving. As to the means of providing the entertainment, they are at no loss; for it is esteemed so sacred and indispensable, that any man in good circumstances will think it an honor, or at least a duty, to take the whole charge on himself. A master never thinks it a disgrace to give an entertainment on the marriage of his servant, who if he be a freeman, seldom continues afterwards in service; the liberality

his master and guests generally enabling him to set up for himself.

Under such simple and benevolent institutions, and in a land so fertile, and so extensive, that any quantity is procured for a trifling rent, it is no wonder that marriages should be frequent, and that such unfortunate beings as old bachelors and old maids should be little known. In the eastern part of Little Russia, or rather of the Ukraine, I do not remember to have seen an unmarried woman of more than 20 years of age, nor a single man of more than 35; even uncomeliness itself, I do not say deformity, seemed to have lost all power of obstructing marriage.

As the Ukrainians profess the Greek religion, their marriage ceremony is nearly the same as that of the Great Russians. After it is over the bridegroom, who is styled *Prince* proceeds home with a train of attendants, called *Boyari*, generally composed of his friends and companions, and sometimes of young men much above his rank, as it would not be deemed honorable in any youth, however exalted in life, to refuse, if requested, to become one of the party. After they are seated round the table, and arranged in such an order that the nearest to the bridegroom is called the *Starshey* (eldest) *Boyarin* they are presented with handkerchiefs, which are immediately tied around their arms, and then they are entertained with a plentiful dinner. The bride proceeds home, and entertains her female friends, and young companions, attending her exactly in the same manner. These companions (they must be unmarried) are called *Druzki*, and the nearest to the bride is called *Starshaia* (the eldest) *Druzka*, who, as well as the *Starshey Boyarin*, is treated as superior to the rest, and receives a handkerchief of greater value. It is to be observed, that independent of the parents, representatives of whom are nominated in case either party is an orphan, there are always two important personages, a male called

Drujko, and a female, called *Swacha*, who manage the entertainment, and conduct the whole ceremony.

After dinner, the bridegroom, in full procession, goes to the bride's house, some of his friends and relations (not belonging to the *Bayari*, who, as the *Drujki*, must be unmarried) riding upon sticks, and indulging in whim and frolic *ad libitum*. The bride's friends and relations, with the *Drujko* and *Swacha* at their head, meet the procession within a few yards of the house, with a seeming intention to oppose the further progress of the bridegroom; upon which a scuffle ensues, and the latter, with his friends, forces his way through the opponents, after answering some trivial questions, as, Who are you? Where do you come from? Who do you want? *et cetera*. He then enters the house, and places himself at the head of the table, close to the bride; her companions, the *Drujki*, being on the right, and his *Boyari*, on the left hand; the latter receiving at the same time from the *Drujki* cockades for their hats, which they keep on during the day. The music, which is never wanting in little Russia, plays several appropriate airs, which are accompanied by the voices of the *Drujki*, and then begin the dances; one couple, perhaps, or two at time. These continue till evening generally in the open air; while those of the *Drujki*, who do not mix in the dance, regale with songs the bride and bridegroom, who seldom leave their seats till the moment of departure. It is remarkable, that on the first day the dancing is chiefly confined to the *Boyari* and *Drujki*, or the unmarried of both sexes; while on the second and succeeding days, young persons are totally out of question, and the married people continue the merry-making.

At the approach of evening, when the moment of departure advances, the ceremony of changing the head-dress of the bride, from maiden to that of a woman, takes place, and produces a scene truly pathetic and

affecting. The mother, whether real or nominal, attended by her relations, puts the dress on the bride's head, and in a solemn, but affectionate, tone, reminds her that she is no longer under the charge of a mother; that she must learn to fulfil the duty of a wife, and to study her own happiness, by promoting that of her husband, whom she is exhorted to obey implicitly and cheerfully. During this time the weeping *Drujki* express their regret at parting, as if it were forever, with their friend, singing in a tone so plaintive, that the bride, the bridegroom, and, in fact, every one present is affected to tears; which flow more abundantly as the tender adieus proceed between the mother, the bride and her sorrowing companions, who retire slowly. At length the dejected bride is handed into a vehicle, attended by the bridegroom on horseback. Here before they proceed to the bridegroom's house, another ceremony takes place, which is but ill calculated to relieve her sorrow. The bridegroom rides three times around the vehicle, and with a whip in his hand, inflicts on her each time a lash in token of his authority (exercised by some not very tenderly on this occasion), after which the whole cavalcade, with music, proceeds homewards; the trembling bride is ushered into the apartments of her husband, and seated at the head of the table, close to him. Supper is now served up; the music playing all the time. The company sits till a very late hour, when at length, the young couple retire to bed, under the direction of the *Drujko* who attends at the door of the bed-chamber.

When the happy husband is satisfied of having received his wife in a state of modesty and virtue, he proclaims his happiness by firing off a pistol; and the *Drujko*, who has waited for this signal, communicates the tidings to the anxious friends, relations, and acquaintances. The dancing is immediately renewed, and continued all night; and the joy of

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the parents, who are complimented on all sides, and of others interested in the happiness of the parties, being indescribable & unbounded, is the only excuse I can offer for their subsequent excesses.

If, from whatever cause no token to the bride's honor is fired off, a general gloom pervades the company; all retire in dejection, and with the keenest feelings of disappointment. The music ceases, every note of mirth is hushed. The fair name of the wretched victim is blasted forever, and an indelible stain of disgrace is fixed on her family. She is cursed by her parents, hated by her husband, who is involved in her dishonor, and shunned by friends and acquaintance. To retrieve her reputation, requires a whole life of exemplary conduct, and more than common indulgence and tenderness on the part of her husband.

Encouraged by the prospect of honor and reputation, if virtuous, while deterred by the dreadful concatenation of evils which attend indiscretion, the young women inflexibly withstand every temptation; and the young men aware of the terrible risk, to which imprudence might subject the objects of their affection, accustom themselves, under every admitted favor, to a self-command, which, if it appear scarcely credible, is intitled to be considered as the more incontrovertibly honorable.

CLEMENTINA: A NARRATIVE.

CLEMENTINA was the only daughter of a noble and worthy old officer; she was his darling and chief delight: his wife was of little comfort to him in his old age; for her temper was of the worst kind; her caprice was such that she would often find fault with Clementina, because she knew it would displease the *old gentleman*! As he had suffered much in the former part of his life, he very reasonably expected now, at least, ease and comfort; yet even this was denied him; so that his only joys centered in

his Clementina. In her he found every thing to make a fond father happy: she was exceedingly handsome; her fine black eyes spoke the language of her soul; and her form and manner were stolen from the Graces.

Just at this crisis, a young officer (in the same regiment of which her father was colonel) came to pay them a visit: he had an agreeable person and did honor to the line of life he preferred, above all others. He saw Clementina he saw her and loved her; she approved of him as an acquaintance and friend of her father, nay, as such she esteemed him; but nothing else could the hapless Clifford expect from the coldhearted maid.

Colonel Glanville saw his friend's passion for his daughter, and pitied him; he spoke to her on the subject, but could not obtain her consent, and he would not insist on her compliance; for he loved her too well to sacrifice her happiness for a moment, though it might gratify him for the remainder of his life.

Her mother gloried in the idea of her refusing Clifford, as it would be a fresh scope for her illnature and cruel treatment. She said, she had no notion of foolish girls having a choice of their own: they ought to be governed by the will of their parents; and if colonel Glanville was such an old fool to give way to such an affected chit, she thought it high time to interfere; and appointed another visit.

Mr. Clifford came accordingly the next day; he was ushered into the drawing room; Mrs. Glanville was at work, and the lovely Clementina was playing on the piano forte. She arose at his entrance, and was going to retire, when her mother stopped her and desired her to sit down again and play Mr. Clifford that charming lesson she had just favored her with. Clementina was surprised to hear her mother speak in such a kind accent, and readily complied. Clifford stood by her while she was playing, and was so transported with the object before him, that Mr. Glanville

spoke to him several times without receiving any answer. Clementina having finished the tune, Clifford stood like a statue: how long he might have continued so, I know not; but a hearty laugh from Mrs. Glanville awakened him from his reverie. He begged a thousand pardons; and said he was so passionately fond of music, that he had quite made him forget himself. Mrs. Glanville desired he would make no apologies; but come and talk to her; she had something very particular to say to him, and at the same time told Clementina she was not wanted at present. She accordingly left the room; Clifford heaved a deep sigh, as Clementina shut the door.

"Mr. Clifford," said Mrs. Glanville, "my husband informs me you have done us the honor of offering your hand to our daughter, and she has the insolence to refuse you; now I shall make it a point (knowing it does not agree with her inclination) to insist on her perfect obedience to my will, and so make her consent to the honor you intended her." "Madam," said the noble Clifford (whose soul shuddered at the thought of compulsion) "never shall the adorable Clementina be mine against her own consent: though I love her more than life, yet I could not see her suffer a moment's pain for the gratification of calling her mine. No, dearest of women, thou shalt never have cause to accuse the wretched Clifford; for this instant I will fly thee, and never see thee more." So saying, he hastened out of the room, and quitted the house in a moment.

Mrs. Glanville, quite frightened, directly rang the bell, and ordered Miss Glanville to come to her; the trembling Clementina obeyed; and Mrs. Glanville thus accosted her daughter: "You see what your perverse and obstinate behavior has brought you to! Mr. Clifford will never see you again, and now you will have no friend to look up to for help; for your father and I have quite discarded you, and will have

nothing more to do with you; you will therefore pack up a few things, and retire to our country seat, where you may indulge your melancholy as well as you can; and then see whom you will play your airs upon: your father and myself will remain here; not even your piano forte shall be sent you." "Good God!" exclaimed Clementina, "my dear, dear father, renounce me! to whom then indeed can I look to for help in this world?" "Yes, Madam, your dear father has at last found out your vile arts, and vows he will never see you again; so this instant begone. A servant and the carriage shall be ready to attend you." "And shall I not see my father before I go? Will he part from his Clementina in anger?"

It was too much; she fell back in her chair and fainted. This roused the hard heart of her mother to a little sense of feeling; she assisted in relieving her lovely daughter, who then opened her fine eyes, and asked if her father had come. "No, Miss," said her mother; "he went out soon after he gave orders for your departure: and said he would never enter the house again till you was gone." "I will go, I will indeed; my father shall not be kept from home for me."

So saying, she with a voice scarcely articulate, desired her mother to order the carriage to the door.

"And will you suffer my poor Jane to attend me?" "Yes, Madam," replied her mother, "you may have her in case you should be ill."

Clementina hurried up stairs to get her things; and it was not long before her mother called up to her, and told her the carriage was ready. She descended with quick and trembling steps, and was put into the carriage, scarcely sensible of what they were doing to her. Her faithful Jane followed, and they were out of sight in a moment.

It was not till they reached the destined place that our heroine recovered herself; but when she saw

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the old mansion, she started as in a terrifying dream, and looking at Jane asked where they were going? The poor creature, who had been crying all the way, at seeing her mistress in such a situation, replied they were arrived at the country seat. "But methinks," said the faithful girl, "it is not a fit place for such a young lady as you; your father might have chosen a better place." "Accuse not my father," said Clementina, "he has done right: it ill becomes a person like me, who am given up to despair, to have a better place to live in: the walls will echo my sighs, and the moping screech owl will bear me company in my evening walks." "Talk not so, my dear lady," said Jane; "you make my heart bleed." The servant just then opened the door, and assisted the wretched Clementina to get out. They helped her into an old fashioned parlor, ornamented with the pictures of her father's ancestors. The room was gloomy, and every thing around cast a damp and horrid aspect.

"Is this my mother's country seat?" exclaimed the forlorn girl. "My father knew nothing of his child's being sent here. No, good man, his heart is not yet callous to the voice of distress. O could I but see him for one moment, I should die in peace. O Clifford, what indeed hast thou brought me to! I feel—Yes, I feel as if this stubborn heart of mine were going to break. O God, support me!"

She fell lifeless on the floor; luckily Jane was near her: she lifted her up, and made her sit on a broken chair; it was the only one in the room. Jane begged the footman to go and see if there was a cottage in view, and she would conduct her poor dear lady to it. The footman returned, and told her there was one at about half a mile distance. "Then drive there," said Jane; "she shall not sleep a night in this house."

Clementina was again put into the carriage, and conveyed to the cottage—The good farmer and his wife re-

ceived her with every mark of kindness, and a bed was instantly prepared for her. She was in a high fever; and a doctor was immediately sent for from the next town, which was three miles off.

If my readers will permit, I will return to Mrs. Glanville. All she had told her daughter about her father ordering her out of the house was false; for the poor old gentleman knew nothing of the matter: he returned to dinner, and, as usual, asked for Clementina. "She is gone on a visit, my dear," said the artful wife, "to stay a month," (supposing by that time it would make her alter her mind in regard to Clifford, or at least living in such a place would break her heart, and she would some how or other get rid of her) "And why did she go without seeing me?" said the colonel. "What, do you think I am not a proper person to give her leave to go out without your permission?" replied his wife. "Certainly, my dear," replied he. He sat down to dinner; but the chief object was gone. He felt a vacuum which nothing but the presence of Clementina could fill up; he thought however, if she was happy, he was content.

I shall now return to our heroine. The doctor came instantly, and pronounced her in great danger: her fever had increased to a great height, and she alternately raved about her father and Clifford. Jane thought it quite necessary to write to her master, and desire him to come immediately if he wished to see his daughter alive. Mrs. Glanville was out when the letter arrived. The colonel was in his study: he opened it; but how great was his surprise at reading the contents! He instantly set off to the cottage; and by the time he arrived, she was much better; but yet much agitated at seeing him. She begged a thousand pardons, and intreated him to forgive her. His astonishment was great beyond expression—he asked her how she came to be at that cottage, and what had she done to

make him angry with her. She told him Jane would acquaint him with it. She accordingly related the whole affair; his surprise increased as the story proceeded; he said he hoped the dear girl would soon recover, and he would take her home. She grew better every day, and in a fortnight was well enough to attend her father.

Her mother was much surprised at seeing them; shame and guilt were visible in her countenance. Colonel Glanville, shocked at her behavior, swore he would never live with her again; and therefore allowed her a separate maintenance.

Clementina and her father went to London—advice he thought would be necessary for his child's health; she being he was very much afraid, in a decline. They took a very handsome house in Pall Mall, and Clementina rode out on horseback with her father every day. In one of these rides they meet Clifford. Colonel Glanville spoke to him, and invited him to his house. Clifford told him he was extremely obliged to him; but feared his visits would not be agreeable to the lovely Miss Glanville. Clementina blushing, assured him she should be glad of his company. He did not want a third invitation; but waited on them that day to dinner.

Clementina left her father and Clifford together, when the former informed the latter of all that had passed. The good hearted colonel desired Clifford to think no more of the past, but to visit them as usual. Clementina soon joined them; and they became the best friends imaginable. Clifford was their constant visitor; he used to read to Clementina, while she sat at work, and accompanied her on his flute while she played on the piano forte. In short, nothing could be done without Clifford.

The more Clementina saw him, the more she esteemed him; and his generous behavior, when her mother told him that she would insist on her daughter's consenting to marry him, made him appear in a most amiable

light. He saw her behavior; and his heart prompted him to address her a second time: he did so, and was not refused.

His happiness cannot be expressed; he flew to the colonel with the joyful tidings; the father instantly sent for his daughter, and taking hold of her hand said, "now indeed I am completely happy!" Then turning to Clifford, "let me congratulate you as my son!" He joined their hands, and the manly tear of joy stood in his eyes. "May you my children, enjoy every blessing this world can afford!"

In a month's time afterwards, Clifford was made the happiest of men, by receiving the hand of his charming and beloved Clementina.

RUSSELL'S EULOGY OF FRANKLIN AND THOMAS.

IN tracing the discovery, advancement, and utility of printing, it will be expected that some notice should be taken of those American worthies, who have pre-eminently distinguished themselves in the exercise of this invaluable art.

Franklin was undoubtedly the first whose active mind and persevering industry, rendered the American press highly valuable to the attainment of every object of human happiness.—Soaring above the restraints of a narrow education, he made his profession the instrument of his own fame; and by study and reflection, became a scholar, statesman, and philosopher. Whatever he printed, he impressed on his mind; and when a book came from his press, Franklin was as well taught as his author. His love of erudition, and habitual study, not only enabled him to make many valuable improvements in the profession of printing, as a branch of the mechanic arts; and of presenting to the public many interesting works; but of leading him to the contemplation and discovery of some philosophical principles, by which mankind have been materially benefited. He taught the lightning to descend harmlessly to the earth—and contrived the means of infusing into

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the human body, such limited quantities of the electric fluid, as, in cases of extreme danger, are considered necessary to rekindle the dying embers of life. These are among the prominent achievements of his philosophical career: his minor discoveries, and improvements, in the different branches of science, would swell to a volume.

The next in rank, as distinguished among our brethren, and who, we are happy to observe, yet lives to advance still further the interests of our profession, and the improvement of science, is Isaiah Thomas. He began his career about the time Franklin was called from the private studies of his office to fulfil the duties of a public minister abroad. On his first entrance into business, he was distinguished for enterprise and ingenuity—and possessing an ardent mind, he pursued the natural bent of his enthusiasm in the cause of liberty, by eminently contributing in his private example, and professional ability, as editor of a newspaper, to the progress and consummation of that glorious revolution, which seated the proud empire of America, on the throne of Independence. These exertions, in times which tried men's souls, were the oblations of duty offered up at the shrine of patriotism; but in the exercise of a profession, which naturally led to the softer blandishments of science and literature, he seized every moment of time, which could be snatched from public avocations, in promoting its interests and advancing its glory. His studies were inculcated to his household, and to the circle of his friends—he incited the love of learning, by his precepts, to all around him—every being within the verge of his influence, was benefited by his example; and at this moment, there are more master printers, who have received their professional education under his fostering care, and who have prospered in the world than can be claimed by any other printer in America. His prosperity has served to

increase his usefulness; and numerous individuals, and even the community at large, have experienced his liberality and munificence. This is a faint but sincere tribute of praise to the man, who may be justly considered as the father and patron of our art in Massachusetts.

A MIRROR FOR THE PETIT MAITRES.

A skipping, dancing, worthless tribe, you
are,
Fit only for yourselves: you herd together;
And when the circling glass warns your vain
hearts,
You talk of beauties that you never saw,
And fancy raptures that you never felt.

— ROWE.

In all collections of essays, I invariably find some papers addressed to the women that is either offered as a lecture of advice, or levelled at them with all the severity of satire; while the men, the lords of the creation! are suffered to grovel on in vice, or to sneak through the world as ignorant and worthless characters. Why are the eyes of these authors shut against the follies of their own sex? Why will the learned mind labor to seduce woman again to taste of the Tree of Knowledge, only to make her see the nakedness of those around her?—how many youth may blush at the wilful neglect of their understanding! blush, when they recollect the high, the sublime nature of the soul. Good Heaven! can a modern fine gentleman suppose himself in the same class of being with an Essex, or a Sydney, the ornaments of the sixteenth century? To mention the sacred names of a Newton, or a Locke, would be to draw a comparison between the feeble glimmer of a glowworm and the effulgence of the sun.

The first emotion of the human heart is a strong desire of happiness; and, in minds of any worth, an ambition to be eminent in something form two biases, which emphatically mark the grandeur and immortality of the soul; and if properly directed,

would raise man to the highest perfection that his frail nature is capable of. The ambition of a manly soul ought to soar to intellectual attainments—a perfect gentleman must not be ignorant on any subject. To be uninformed of the histories of Greece and Rome, setting aside that of our own country, is absolutely shameful: yet two thirds of our *Jeux d'Esprit* would rub their vacant foreheads, if you happened to ask them any question about either of the Gracchi: but hint in their ears the names of Alcibiades or Phocion, and perhaps they will think you are talking of some old clothesmen! I have heard mistakes made by fashionable young men, that a school-boy of ten years old would blush to be caught in. I will take the liberty of giving two or three examples.

Some ladies, in company with one gentleman, were expressing their approbation of the graceful manner in which Helen leaves her loom to go to Paris, after his flight from Menelaus—"Ah, ladies!" says he, "it is fine in Pope; but I have read it in the original Latin, and there it is beautiful!"—"In Latin, Sir!" said a female friend of mine, who was present: "I beg your pardon; but Homer was a Greek poet."—"No, no, madam!" he hastily replied; "you mean Horace, I assure you, Homer was a Roman, for I have read him!"

One evening, I was with some other ladies, in a room with three young men. How the subject came into their heads I know not, because I was not listening to their conversation: but my attention was arrested, by one of them saying, rather loudly—"Mark Antony was made king of one of the Assyrian provinces."—"Perhaps so: but I am sure," replied a second, "he was Cæsar's son."—"You both mistake," interrupted the third: "he was one of the villains who helped Brutus to kill Cæsar!" I was astonished and speechless with surprise, gazed at the three "gay, charming fellows!" who

in my opinion, better deserved the appellation of the blockhead triumvirate.

Are these illiterate, shamelessly ignorant animals, of that noble species, Man!—the supereminent creature, whose form was shaped to gaze on the heavens; and the faculties of whose soul were expanded by his creator that he might count the stars! And how does he now employ his time? Not even in walking the plain track of literature—not in comparing the histories of republics, kingdoms and empires; and while he reads, conversing with wise lawgivers and holy patriarchs!—not in searching through the labyrinths of the human mind with Locke; nor in reading the stars, and making the vast tour of the universe, in company with the divine Newton!—No, these are not in his pursuits; he reads no books, save now and then a flimsy play, that has nothing but its novelty to recommend it—and perhaps, the history of some popular divorcee. Besides the theatre, that inestimable fountain from whence he derives all his classical knowledge, a slight acquaintance with the geography of France, just sufficient to enable him to understand the news of the day, is all the learning he aspires after. Talk of the stars to him, and he will say he never looks at any, but those in a woman's face. Talk of the soul, friendship, mind &c. and he will interrupt you, by saying, it is a jargon he does not understand. There is one science, I believe the whole of his sex are perfectly conversant in—that of eating and drinking; on the subject of which they could outtalk Apicius himself. And I will do them the justice to say, that even the most stupid of them could reduce it to a system, in a very elaborate treatise on tarts and custards.

Many of our youth are so monstrously barren, that I can positively affirm, that there are not eight out of ten who can spell an epistle of one page in length without the immediate aid of a dictionary. As to their

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accomplishment in the most delightful of all studies, the works of the poets, I can say little or nothing to their advantage. The swift though tender ray of Apollo's halo cannot penetrate their opaque brows. Ignorance, if not vitious hardiment, has shielded their brazen foreheads; and to their dull ear, the "concord of sweet sounds" is charmless.

I know that there are some, who have skimmed the surface of literature; and being swoln with the little preeminence they have over their companions, they are wild to show their superiority over common sense. Flinging reason behind them, they set up for men of extraordinary genius; and like the Persian glass-man, in his foolish vision, they kick about their earthly happiness, and hopes of future felicity, with a real lunatic fury.

Yet there are others of our young men, who are an honor to their country—who join, with all the charms of a beautiful form, the more attracting, the more fascinating graces, of a richly cultivated understanding, and a poetical and delicate taste; whose society will always be sought after with eagerness; and when absent, the remembrance of their virtue and accomplishments will play a lambent flame around our hearts, and no time can erase their lovely ideas from our memories. How different are the sensations which agitate the bosom of a female, in the company of a thoughtless coxcomb! She lets the poor little butterfly flutter round her, and buz its empty nothings in her ear; and when it takes its flight, thinks no more of it than of those insects which sparkle in the summer's blaze.

I am well aware, that if this ever meets the eye of those to whom I address it, they will set me down as a disappointed—ugly—old maid. But I deny the charge—I am not old, for I have not yet lived twenty-two years: I think I am not ugly, provided I may believe the daily rhapsodies of at least half a dozen of these

popinjays; and I know I am rich. So I make out that I am neither the disappointed, the ugly, nor the old.

PANEGYRIC ON WOMAN.

That man has been the happy and willing slave of the woman ever since the commencement of time, is a truism that will not admit of denial; and equally so, that his truest felicity and comfort consists in continuing in that delectable and enchanting state while the world exists. Its existence must terminate with that of woman. There cannot be any world without her: she is its pillar and support, its sun and permanent basis. To all-lovely, charming woman, under the Supreme Being, we owe our existence. We acquire life from her sweet tender body; we are the offsprings and fruit; are brought into the world, and shown the light of day by her tender fostering care; we are nourished and nurtured in childhood by her neverceasing assiduity: and we are reared to manhood by her unwearied attention, and anxious sollicitude.

Grant me but life, good heavens! and give
me means
To make this wondrous goodness some
amends;
And let me then forget her if I can!

How unnatural, therefore, would it be in us not to adore and worship such a divine creature, and devote ourselves implicitly to her commands and pleasure!

None can, I hope, be surprised at the natural ascendancy which this angelic object has justly acquired over our hearts and inclinations: should that ascendancy ever decline, man becomes an uncivilized savage. The fair alone doth inculcate civilization and endearing attractions in our natures. They harmonize the manly soul.

ON CONJUGAL LOVE.

In matrimony, a real and counterfeited affection may easily be dis-

erminated; the symptoms of the one or the other in that state are unequivocal. Before marriage the fond suiter may fancy he loves, when in reality he does not: an illusion which vanishes but too soon after an union of hands has taken place; when the once lovesick swain is cloyed with fruition. Fruition is the touchstone of love, and adds fuel to the unaffected passion; but extinguishes the faint remaining spark of an imaginary flame that is unequal to the test. After the chain has been riveted, and the unhappy victims are become sensible of their error, the evil is not to be remedied perhaps, but may lose some of its poignancy, when borne with a moderate share of patience. Could friendship be substituted in the room of love, it were a source of some consolation: but alas! that resource is not always attainable, and for this reason, friendship between married couples is the fruit of a long and mutual love, whose ardor is abated by time and possession. Generally speaking when husband and wife do not love, they hate; and the most that can be said in favor of them is, that if the breach be not so widened as to admit hatred, to their short-lived passion succeeds a contemptuous indifference.

Mr. and Mrs. W——, for instance have been married six months, or thereabouts: they now sleep in separate apartments, and at some distance too; nevertheless they see each other every day; nay, more than that, they embrace at meeting: it is an absolute fact; what authenticates it is, that these love-tokens are exchanged in presence of witnesses. For the world, they would not be surprised in the amorous dalliance, and fondling prettinesses of a new-married couple—No, fy upon it, no! but no two in the world possibly can match them for politeness, assiduities, and a decency of behavior refined from the grossness of that unfashionable thing called an union of souls. This mode of conduct they have not determined on by any pre-

vious, formal compact: it is purely owing to a happy sympathy. Still more extraordinary is the unreserved disgust, to be observed in another couple in the same neighborhood, after a thousand vows, pledged with apparent fervency. Never as it should seem, did love's passion glow with an ardor equal to theirs.

Every obstacle, thrown in the way by chance or design to impede their union, was surmounted. Bolts, locks, and walls, assisted by the vigilance of two or three maiden aunts, to prevent an intercourse between the young lady and her paramour: a single life was, if their word might be taken, the happiest by far; and as such was recommended to the niece with a tiresome perseverance. But these grave lectures were no match for the tender passion that ingrossed her soul; and, ere long, a ladder freed her from restraint. With eagerness she flew to the arms of her expectant lover: he, fondest of turtles, at the risk of being disinherited by not the most indulgent of fathers, listens to the dictates of his love, in prejudice of his fortune, and in holy wedlock is united to the idol of his heart. But, sad reverse! a year had scarce elapsed, before he proved faithless; fruitless complaints, or bitter invective followed on the part of the slighted lady. Whence could so abrupt a change arise? Whence, but from their having mistaken for love, the *stimulus* of a warm constitution. It would far exceed the limits of an essay to delineate the disappointments of those who have been led astray by this *ignis fatuus*; this delusive meteor, the first fleeting passions.

Exclusive of those whose bosoms feel a temporary warmth, many are there who imagine that love ought to have nothing to do with matrimony. Beauties and coquets have, in every age and country, kindled desires that have occasioned romantic extravagance, which has been made a pretext by superficial means to condemn love in general, without excepting

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even that which founded on esteem, as an unpardonable weakness; hence avarice, finding that absurd notion favored its sordid views, adopted it without scruple, and used every method to bring it into repute; an opinion whose basis was interest, extended with such influence, that it became a rule not to intermarry, but with equals in point of rank and fortune. Thus was love banished from the wedded state, and seldom to be found but in romances. If any one had the misfortune, or the infirmity, to indulge in the luxury of the soft passion, he was to be continually on his guard, rather than by any sigh, glance, or expression, betray his weakness; in public he was to show a marked inattention to the woman he secretly idolized, and transfer, apparently at least, all his fondness, admiration, or assiduity, to those who have no pretensions to any thing of the kind; all this, the etiquette of fashion obliged him to, on pain of being the butt of ridicule, and of the sneers of all well-bred people. As the ill-paired couples are the more numerous and powerful party, who gives what is called the ton, so has this regulation prevailed, and still continues to gain upon us. Let it not, however, be imagined that husbands and wives, who to escape the imputation of downright vulgarity, are under the necessity of conforming to the above modes in public, may not dispense with them in private; by no means does the restriction extend so far, when withdrawn from public notice. If they cordially hate one another, they may express it by every means in their power. To press upon people of this latter description, the discharge of conjugal duties, were a mispending of time, a waste of words, since they are deficient in the most essential point, mutual affection. They are not aware perhaps that uniting without a reciprocity of fondness may with propriety be called a rape: according to natural instinct, a woman's person can belong only to him who possesses

her heart. The gifts of Hymen ought to be received from the hands of Love: to obtain them otherwise, is an usurpation.

It is of little signification to aim at arguing people of this cast into feeling, and remonstrating on the necessity of their making some compensation for entering into wedlock without the smallest share of affection, by working themselves up to the highest pitch of tenderness their nature is susceptible of. To those whose unabating affection a long succession of years has not been able to estrange, and who consider their experience of mutual love, during a long period, as a new motive for drawing the hymeneal tie closer, it may seem needless to offer any advice; and yet so wavering is the human heart, that it would be an instance of temerity, to vouch for its preserving to the last, unalterably attached to the same object.

A certain good man had the sincerest affection for his wife; and a return of tenderness from her made him exult in his felicity. A superannuated fanatical preacher, with whom he lived in habits of friendship, would spend an hour with him occasionally. During one of these visits, the fond husband took an opportunity to descant upon the happiness of the married state when hearts are in unison; and with conscious satisfaction burst into rapturous strains on the love and harmony that subsisted between himself and his wife.

The old Druid, whose heart was proof against any tender emotion, was observed to shake his head more than once during these ecstasies, and conceived the diabolical project, on pretence of promoting the glory of God, of dissolving the carnal tie, which he observed attached his friend to the world.—“I tremble for your situation, my dear sir,” said he: “you sigh; but it is not for the Lord. Know you not, that it is written, that he, who for God's sake, hateth not his father, his mother, his

wife, and relatives, is not worthy of God? Before the fall of the first man, your attachment would perhaps have been pardonable; but guilty man, ought to eat his bread moistened with the tears of sorrow. Your wife is one of the posterity of Eve, that cruel mother who brought destruction on us all; and yet, O sinful man, you cherish that wife! Beware of Adam's fate—Love, ay, it was this same love made a sinner of him. You feel a transport in the fondness your wife has for you: that is what you ought to guard against; for it is by returning your affection, she has gained such an ascendancy over a heart, which should harbor no love, but the love of God. Consider ah consider! hell yawns under your feet!"

At the word *hell*, the simple husband shuddered: his imagination was haunted with demons and sulphurous flames; fanaticism took hold of his soul, his wife he considered as his enemy, her caresses as snares, her remonstrances as seduction, and used every means to extinguish quite the dying spark of affection.

MIRA OF THE DALE

A FRAGMENT.

After fourteen months of such perfect happiness as I have described to you, the fatal hour, which took my William from me, was never to be remembered without anguish; and the wound his loss has made in my peace is not to be healed.

The busy world is not an abode for me: its pleasures disgust, and its occupations distress me; in its gay and glided scenes I cannot snatch a pleasure; on its rosy couches I find no rest; in its most secret bowers my spirit searches in vain for a tranquil hour.

Friends were kind, and fortune smiled, and flattery assumed an unsuspected form to woo me from my solitude. Nay Love, insidious love, drew his bow, and aimed an arrow at

me; but my heart is so consolidated into one affection, that the poisoned barb could not pierce it. Love possessed every vessel of it; but it is not that ardent, warm, expanding passion, which lives only with the living, and glows in the communication with its object: no, it was love, chilled by death, whose object is in the tomb! it is love weeping beside a grave, with his bow unbent, and his arrows broken. Remembrance alone sustains it into life, and makes it struggle with existence.

I turned my back therefore, on the busy world, and came hither. This was William's cottage: here he dwelt in all the elegance of rural life, and gilded humble fortune with the charms of taste and science. Here he nursed a tender, but unsuspected passion; and his modest nature would have made it the unknown companion of his life. But I perceived his transcendent virtue, and forced the secret, that he loved me, from his breast; I returned his passion, and lifted him to a station to which he gave a brilliant but short-lived lustre.

To William's cottage I am now come to pass the rest of my widowed days. He planted these trees; he reared these shrubs; and he courted yonder stream from its fountain, and turned it to the rock over which it tumbles in a ceaseless roar. This Doric porch, where we sit, was the child of his taste; and these emblems of love and friendship were given by his pencil to its walls. I cannot stray through these walks, or wander in the grove; I cannot seek the coolness of the thicket, or follow the meanders of the stream, without beholding the traces of a pure but hopeless and un aspiring passion, of which I was the object, and which I rewarded. Alas! I have added but one ornament; one solemn decoration, to this sequestered spot; and that is yonder urn, beside which the poplars grow, and over whose marble the willow weeps. There I pay the vigils of morning light and even-

ing shade ; there I enjoy that luxury of grief, which is better than the proudest joy.

Know then, that your embassy is vain. Never, never will I quit this abode. I have, as you say, been the idol of the world ; but I will be its idol no more. The period of my existence cannot come too soon ; but while I live, I will be

Mira of the Dale.

PATHETIC LETTER

FROM A DESERTED WIFE TO A FAITHLESS HUSBAND.

My dear Husband,

I who had expected your return from ——— with painful anxiety, who had counted the slow hours which parted you from me—think how I was shocked at learning you would return no more, and that you had settled with a mistress in a distant state. It was for your sake that I lamented. You went against my earnest intreaties : but it was with a desire, which I thought sincere, to provide a genteel maintenance for our little ones, whom you said you could not bear to see brought up in the evils of poverty, I might now lament the disappointment in not sharing the riches which I hear you have amassed ; but I scorn it. What are riches compared to the delight of sincere affection ? I deplore the loss of your love. I deplore the frailty which has involved you in error, and which will, I am sure, (as such mistaken conduct must) terminate in misery.

But I mean not to remonstrate. It is, alas ! too late. I only write to acquaint you with the health, and some other circumstances of myself and those little ones, whom you once loved.

The house you left me in could not be supported without an expense, which the little sum you left behind, could not well supply. I have relinquished it, and have retired to a

neat little cottage, thirty miles from town. We make no pretensions to elegance, but we live in great neatness, and, by strict economy, supply our moderate wants, with as much comfort as our desolate situation will allow. Your presence, my love would make the little cottage a palace.

Poor Emily, who has grown a fine girl, has been working a pair of ruffles for you ; and as she sits by my side often repeats with a sigh, “when will my dear papa return ?” The others are constantly asking me the same question ; and little Henry, as soon as he began to talk, learned to lisp, in the first syllables he uttered, “when will papa come home ?” Sweet fellow, he is now sitting on his stool by my side, &, as he sees me dropt a tear, asks me why I weep, for papa will come home soon. He and his two brothers are frequently riding on your walking-cane, and take particular delight in it because it is papa’s.

I do assure you, I never open my lips to them on the cause of your absence. But I cannot prevail upon myself to bid them cease to ask when you will return, though the question frequently extorts a tear, (which I hide in a smile), and wrings my soul, while I suffer in silence.

I have taught them to mention you in their morning and evening prayers with the greatest ardor of affection ; and, they always add of themselves, a petition for your speedy return.

I spend my time in giving them the little instruction I am able. I cannot afford to place them at any eminent school, and do not choose they should acquire meanness and vulgarity at a low one. As to English—they read alternately, three hours every morning, the most celebrated poets and prose writers ; and they can write, though not an elegant, yet a very plain and legible hand.

Do not, my dear, imagine that the employment is irksome. It affords me a sweet consolation in your absence. Indeed, if it were not for

the little ones, I am afraid I should not support it.

I think it will be a satisfaction to you to hear, that by retrenching our expenses, we are enabled to pay for every thing we buy, and though poor, we are not unhappy from the want of any necessary.

Pardon my interrupting you. I mean to give you satisfaction. Though I am deeply injured by your error, I am not resentful. I wish you all the happiness you are capable of,

And am,

Your once-loved, and still

Affectionate

* * * *

CHARACTER OF A PERFECT MAN.

In drawing the character of a perfect MAN, let us premise that we shew him of no rank or class exclusively.

He is the child of virtue and reason. The one he loves by natural disposition; the other guides him in the practice of her dictates. From the strength of his reason, he is the zealous friend to order—from the virtuous ardor of his spirit, he he is an adorer of liberty. Without the due restraint of law, he fears he might be vicious—without the energy of freedom, he feels he should be mean. He would neither have his evil tendencies indulged, nor his virtues impulses repressed. So strong his hatred of vice, that he will bind himself to punish it, even in himself—so proud his jealousy of unjust force, that he will perish rather than obey it even in a trifle. A child might shame him could he be guilty—the world cannot make him shrink, conscious of innocence:—To admonition he is a reed—to violence a rock.

The virtues most congenial to his soul are, courage, integrity, generosity, and compassion.

His compassion and generosity are inseparable. A tale of sorrow melts him; and pity flows from him in a shower of gold. The humanity of conquerors that save their enemies,

is more congenial to his soul than the desire of victory itself.

His integrity is inflexible. In all his dealings he is open, fair, ingenuous. He neither suspects others of mean artifices, nor will he stoop to it himself. Would he *gain a great commercial credit, to this characteristic must he owe it.* Nor is he at any time a boaster; for knowing the deceptions of self-love, he fears lest they should lead him into falshood; when most he has deserved condemnation, he can with patience bear to lose it; even envy and unjust reproach he can despise; the consciousness of having done his best, supports him; but praise unmerited is shame and torture to him.

His courage is neither irritable nor ambitious. He will even bear injuries, till well assured that they are so intended; and then he seeks for justice not revenge—for compensation not retaliation. Secure in native dignity, he wastes no time in useless bustle to display his consequence. When the hour for action comes, he acts with vigor and effect; when that is over, he enjoys tranquility as his reward, well-earned and welcome.

His religion is rational and firm; equally remote from the folly of superstition, and the impudence of infidelity. He is among the first to reject the gross *corruptions* of the christian faith—he will be the last to countenance a *worse* conception on pretence of reformation. His strength of reason teaches him in what points human intellects must be weak; and he will never boast his knowledge, where he feels his ignorance.

He venerates the constitution of his country. Innovation, proceeding from levity, he contemns: attended with cruelty or public danger he abhors. He reveres the executive with some restrictions—he loves his country without any; nor will he lightly rise against the one, nor throw the other into anarchy or confusion. To politics he may be ad-

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dicted; and perhaps may have a predilection for a party: but when the public is in danger, he forgets all subdivisions, and knows no party but his country.

THE DANGER OF A KISS.

.....*The coy yielded kiss
Charms most, and gives the most sincere delight.*

Cheapness offends: hence on the harlot's lip

No rapture hangs, however fair she seem,

However formed for love, and amorous play.

*Hail, Modesty! fair female honor hail!
Beauty's chief ornament, and Beauty's self!*

For beauty must with virtue ever dwell;

And thou art Virtue; and without thy charms

Beauty disgusts, and Wit is insolent.

THERE is nothing so dangerous to a young woman, as suffering a man she does not dislike, to approach her lips; which too often, when most silent, betray the feelings & the dictates of the inmost soul. This caution is not peculiarly confined to the maiden, but equally extends to the wife. And so sensible were the wisest and greatest Romans of the danger of this indelicacy, that Manilius was struck from the list of senators, for daring to salute his wife in the presence of his daughters.

It is not that there is any immediate criminality in a mere kiss; but it is a freedom which, when allowed leads to greater familiarities. It is an introduction to something more capital; it is the first page of the preface to seduction and adultery. If a married woman would reflect upon the dignity and honor of her condition, she would be as cautious of yielding a kiss to a stranger (for all men should be strangers but the husband to her lips) as yielding her virtue; for the woman who suffers any kind of dalliance from a man, reduces her consequence, and gives crude suspicions

to the world of her character. Women may be cheerful and gay, without giving their hands and mouths to testify their good nature and ease. It is the same with the virgin. If she suffers herself to be pulled about and toyed with, and kissed, she would find those very gallants the foremost to blow upon her fame. It is an idle flippery custom, and practised by no people publicly, but the English.

If ladies would in general attentively attend to this observation, we should see fewer unhappy marriages; for I am confident, that the woman who returns a kiss, means to give a silent assent to the man's desires. It is a circumstance which rarely fails, when the man is ungenerous enough to pursue the encouragement.

THE GLEANER.

MALE COQUETRY.

THE very idea of male coquetry is so repugnant to manly honor and integrity, that if observation and experience did not convince us that there are beings in the shape of man capable of it, we should treat it as an idle fancy, as the chimera of some disordered brain. And of all the base prostitutions of the boasted faculties of man to ignoble purposes, there is none which challenges severer animadversion than this.—Though an effect of one of the most grovelling and contemptible passions of our nature, and though apparently insignificant, it is pernicious to the interests of society, and destructive of female happiness. The most amiable females are generally the most sensible of injuries; and one of this description, whose affections have once been the sport of some scoundrel's vanity will ever after entertain a bad opinion of the sex, and be disposed to treat with virulence the advances of honest and sincere affection: Nay, perhaps reject altogether, the man whose whole life would have been one continued series of acts to promote her comfort and happiness. Thus

does many an amiable woman never reach her destination, and her service in that sphere which providence designed her to act, are lost to her friends and society. Her temper also not unfrequently falls a sacrifice, and from a perfect pattern of good humour and benevolence, she is often converted into one of those morose and misanthropic beings, whose chief gratification consists in railing at that sex whom they have but too much reason to hate.

Can there be any thing more disgusting to an honest mind, than to see a wretch in whom abilities and insidious cunning are united, exerting himself to ensnare the affections of an innocent and unsuspecting female, for no other purpose than to gratify his vanity? No language is adequate to the expression of the baseness of that man who can thus violate every principle of honor and trample upon the most sacred duty.

But the triumph is short. Like the thief who is overtaken by the hand of justice, exulting over his ill-gotten spoils. The male coquette, in the midst of all the imaginary consequence of recent triumphs, and in the very career of deception, is arrested by the contempt and infamy which his conduct has incurred.

E. B.

ON HUMANITY.

WE almost involuntarily bestow our admiration and friendship on a person who does not assume any additional importance for any favours which capricious fortune has bestowed on him, or for the wealth which he may have acquired by his own industry; but who possesses an equanimity of mind, (which is truly noble) and though the sun of prosperity gilds his days, yet will not consider himself of more importance than his neighbors; or who, when adversity's gloomy clouds have arisen in his atmosphere and darkened his fairest prospects, submits with resignation to the decree of Omnipotence, and regards not the

scornful looks, or contemptuous sneers of those who are more wealthy than himself. Although his feelings are sufficiently susceptible to the misfortunes of his fellow-creatures; yet he will not suffer the proud condescensions, of those who roll in affluence, in general so severely felt by those who have been reduced by misfortune from competence to indigence, to lead him into any inconsiderate warmth, or to occasion him to be guilty of any passionate indiscretion.—Such as these—such as can bear honours with humility; endure misfortune without repining, and poverty with content, ought to be esteemed as objects of universal admiration;—but unfortunately the value of such is too little estimated, and it is not seldom that the effusions of genius are suppressed and its lustre obscured by poverty. How much pains, therefore, ought to be taken to seek and rescue from oblivion, that gem, whose value is considerably enhanced by its rarity, in addition to its natural worth.

JUNIUS.

THE NEIGHBOR.

"He promoteth in his neighborhood peace and good will and his name is repeated with praise and benediction."

Next to peace and satisfaction in our own breasts is peace and satisfaction in our families; and next to this, is the comfort of a peaceable & obliging neighborhood. The pleasing exercise of the social affections is pleasure indeed. But solitude is preferable to the society of those who are unbenevolent and unfriendly. Solitude indeed is not agreeable to man and not promotive of happiness; but society when made up of the selfish, the envious, the implacable, and malicious, is productive of real misery. We pity the indigent family that removes into the wilderness to seek a scanty, precarious subsistence far from sympathizing friends and helping neighbors. But, is not that poor and honest family in as deplorable a situa-

tion, which, though he lives in a thick neighborhood, meets notwithstanding with insults, injuries, and abuses, instead of friendly assistance, and kind condolences?

Mankind are mutually dependant on each other. No one is sufficient of himself to build up his own interest or happiness, unaided and unsupported by his fellow creatures. Any individual left wholly to himself, unconnected with others, must be considered as a *forlorn individual*. There is no family much less single person, however well provided, but at some time or other, and perhaps very often, stand in need of the aid, the advice, the sympathy, or the presence and conversation of others. All are liable to sickness, pain, misfortunes and bereavement. None therefore should be unwilling to impart their neighborly assistance whenever it is wanted. Nothing contributes more to help us up the hills of difficulty, over the rugged road of disappointment and perplexity, and through the sloughs of discouragement—to lighten the loads that we sometimes stagger under and to carry us the more easy along the journey of life, than the kind attention, the soothing words, and the ready assistance of our friends and neighbors. And scarce any seeds of evil are more prolific of those bitter fruits which poison the enjoyments of life, or which actually kill them, or prevent their growth, than bad neighbors. Let a man be prosperous in his worldly affairs, and surrounded with an agreeable family, yet if those among whom he lives are envious and ill-natured, and instead of befriending, are disposed to vex and injure him, his happiness must be greatly diminished.

The duties and comforts of good neighborhood consist in the suppression of the selfish, the irascible, and the malevolent passions, and in the cultivation and exercise of those that are generous and friendly. He that is attentive only to his own concerns and interest, and cares not what be-

comes of others; he that is easily provoked and ready to resent; he that is envious at the prosperity of others, or wishes their hurt, or is glad at their calamity, cannot be a good neighbor. He only is deserving the character, who is kind and obliging; who is willing to do a good turn, as well as to receive one; willing to lend as to borrow; who is tender of the character and interests of those among whom he lives; who being a fallible creature himself is disposed to make all reasonable allowances for the failings of others; in short, who is observant of the golden rule, *to do to others whatsoever he would have others do to him.*

SENSIBLE REMARKS ON THE DISCIPLINE OF CHILDREN.

The idea of obedience ought to be early and firmly associated with the ideas of security and happiness. In the education of youth were all prohibitions made absolute, and the necessity of issuing them guarded against as much as possible, so that they should not often occur, it would go far towards rendering obedience natural and easy: for it would then appear a matter of necessity and as such be submitted to without reluctance.

I was some years ago intimately acquainted with a respectable and happy family, where the behaviour of the children excited my admiration. One morning, on entering the drawing room, I found the little group of laughing cherubs at high play round their fond mother, who was encouraging their sportive vivacity, which was, at that time, noisy enough, but which, on my entrance, she hushed by a single word. No bad humor followed. But as the spirits, which had been elevated by the preceding amusement, could not at once sink into a state of quiescence, the judicious mother did not require what she knew could not, without difficulty, be complied with, but calmly addressing them, gave the choice of remain

ing in the room without making any noise or of going to their own apartment, where they might make what noise they pleased. The eldest and youngest of the four preferred the former, while the two others went away to the nursery. Those who staid with us, amused themselves by cutting paper in a corner, without giving any interruption to our conversation. I could not refrain from expressing my admiration at their behavior, and begged to know by what art she had attained such a perfect government of her childrens' wills and actions. By no art, returned this excellent parent, but that of teaching them from the very cradle an *implicit submission*. Having never once been permitted to disobey me, they have no idea of attempting it; but, you see, I always give them a choice when it can be done with propriety; if it cannot, whatever I say they know to be a law, like that of the Medes and Persians, which altereth not.

ANECDOTE OF GARRICK.

A SHARP-SET genius for dramatic fame introduced himself to the late Mr. Garrick for the purpose of displaying his imaginary talents. Although he had scarcely in his life been off his shopboard, yet such was his opinion of his abilities as an actor, that he thought himself sufficiently competent to the arduous task of rehearsing a part before so judicious, severe and discriminating a judge of acting as Mr. Garrick.

This Cockney by birth, and a taylor by profession, thus addressed our Roseius:

"Sir, I am your most *in-de-fat-abigail* humble servant—I shall be *wastly* happy and *wery* proud of the *hoppportunity* of being made a *hac-tor*."

"Well," said Mr. Garrick, "and pray what part would you wish to have the *hoppportunity* of *hacting*?"

"Romo, sir; Romo, sir;" replied the taylor—"I should wish to pre-

form the part of Romo: for my wife says how I read Robin Crusoe so *wastly well*; and as how I have so sweet a *woice*, that she's *wastly sure* and *wery sartin*, I should make a *monstracious moving lover*."

"Well, sir," asked Garrick, "and are you perfect in the part of Romo, as you call it?"

"O yes, sir," answered Snip—"I am *main sartin*, I can go *through stitch* with it from the beginning to the end on't."

"Pray, sir," Mr. Garrick asked—"Do you recollect a passage in that play where he describes a huge Colossus bestriding the lazy-pacing clouds, and sailing on the bosom of the air?"

"O yes, sir," replied Snip, *wastly well*."

"Then pray tell me, sir, continued Mr. Garrick, "when he was bestradling those clouds, which way would you go, supposing his stride to have been about the extent of a moderate sized rainbow,—I say, sir, which way would you go to work to measure him for a pair of breeches?"

"Lord have mercy on us!" cried the taylor, "here's a pretty job of journeywork! Make a pair of breeches for a rainbow! Why I don't believe two taylors in London ever did such a thing in their lives. And I'm sure I could as soon make a pair for the man in the moon."

"Then pray, sir," asked Garrick, most indignantly, "how came you to think of undertaking my business, when you are not master of your own?"

"Lord, sir," replied the frightened taylor, "I only *vonted*—"

"You only *vonted*," repeated Mr. Garrick; "pray, sir, tell me—did'st thou ever behold Macbeth, with boisterous rage, bully the ghost of Banquo off the stage?"

"No, sir, says Snip.

"You shall behold it now then," said Mr. Garrick,

PARODY, IMITATING MR. GARRICK.

"Avaunt, and quit my sight! thy sheers
are edgeless,
And thy goose is cold—thou hast no
thread,
Nor needles in those paws that thou dost
stitch withal;
What manager dare, I dare—approach thou
like the
Grim and greasy lamplighter, or armed
chimney-sweeper,
With brush and soot-bag—take any form but
that,
And my rich wardrobe shall yet escape cab-
baging;
Or dare me to thy shop-board with thy
sheers;
If trembling I inhabit, then protest me
The botch of a buttonhole.—Hence, horrible
taylor, hence!"

A vaunt was the word, and the tay-
lor was off in a tangent, perfectly
cured of his passion for the stage,
which he resolved never to think of
more, but to attend to his shop-board.

"WORTH makes the Man," Pope
says; and every body acknowledges
the truth of the sentiment: but then
the question is, what makes *worth*?
The moralist will tell you, "it is *vir-
tue*:" but the man of the world says,
"it is *money*." And indeed, in this
age of reason, the latter definition
seems almost universally to prevail.
When it is asked, how much a man
is *worth*, the answer generally has
an exclusive reference to his proper-
ty. If he has wealth, the replier to
the question says, he is worth so ma-
ny thousand dollars: but if he be
very poor, though he should possess
the intelligence of a Newton and the
benevolence of a Howard, "*he is
worth a groat*." Thus the worth of
a man, like that of beef and butter,
is reckoned by dollars and cents.

If this subject was not too serious
for satire, it might afford a fund of
that kind of amusement: but a con-
siderate view of the fatal evils, which
flow from the general prevalence of
avarice, represses all disposition for
ridicule. Money is a necessary and
good thing; but when it is made the
Summun Bonum or the *Chief Good*,
this superlative affection for it is de-

grading to human nature and produc-
tive of infinite mischief.

Accordingly an inspired writer
says, "The love of money (that is in
the sense aforementioned) is the root
of all evil." It is like the lean kine,
which devoured them that were fat
and well-favored; and still continu-
ed lean themselves. It eats up pa-
triotism, social benevolence and pri-
vate friendship; and indeed every
thing that is lovely in human charac-
ter. It stimulates man to study and
practice the multifarious arts of
swindling and cheating; and, Ju-
das like, to sell their conscience
or their country for *pieces of
silver*. In the mean time, it pre-
vents or extinguishes a laudable am-
bition for intellectual improvements
and moral excellence.

What can remain, that is great or
noble, in a mind that has been accus-
tomed to esteem riches to be "the
one thing needful?"—How can it
be expected that youth will pant for
intellectual improvements, or that
the social virtues will expand in their
hearts, when *Money* is made the
standard of *Merit*? And finally, how
long can republican liberty remain
among a people, in whose language
and *practice* too, *wealth* and *worth*
are synonymous terms, or signifying
the same thing?...Ibid.

ON SELF GOVERNMENT.

HE that is master of himself is a
king. Though his body should be in
prison or in chains his mind is free;
and he exercises, within himself a
most noble sovereignty. On the
other hand, the monarch, who glit-
ters on his throne and has the power
of life and death over millions of
men, is himself a slave, if he sub-
mits his reason to the control of pas-
sion and appetite.

Alexander, by common consent,
has obtained the name of *great*, be-
cause, forsooth, his sword had shed
more blood than that of any other
man. He was the *great butcher*, not

of herds and flocks, but of men. In reality, however, as to a most important point, he was Alexander the *little*. He was a miserable victim to drunkenness and to violent anger; and in the rage of passion, inflamed by wine, he slew Clitus, his best friend and bravest general, with his own hand. The old philosopher was much more deserving of the title of *great*, who, when his servant had acted in a provoking manner towards him, said to the offender, "I would correct you, if I were not angry." No man is truly *great*, who does not govern himself; nor is any man really *little*, who uniformly and strictly maintains self government.

Would you obtain the honor of a conqueror?—The field is open. Conquer your own unruly passions and appetites, and lay those rebels prostrate at the feet of reason. It is a most noble conquest. Would you be a ruler?—Govern yourself. Be the commandant of your own garrison. This kind of authority (and it is in the power of every one to exercise it) is equally necessary, useful and honorable. Hence the wise man remarked, "He that ruleth his own spirit is better than the mighty."...Ibid.

A BON VIVANT.

"ROSE at twelve with a most confounded head-ache—eyes sunk in my head—my mouth dreadfully parched—my pulse feverish—could not eat my breakfast, so drank a bumper of brandy to set me to rights. About two o'clock sauntered down to the coffee-house, and had a bason of Vermicelli, with three glasses of Noyau. At half past two eat a devil'd kidney, and drank two glasses of Madeira. Half an hour after took a glass of Nervous Restorative Cordial, and vanished it down with a dram. About five, finding my appetite very la! la! took two glasses of bitters, and at half past six sat down to dinner. Could not eat a morsel—what the devil ails me?—A gentleman, said I must go to bed

sooner, take more exercise, and never touch any thing between meals—Hear these prating fellows—How the devil can I lead a more regular life?—Don't I live every day the same?—However, though I could not eat at dinner, I made amends by drinking; for before the cloth was taken away, I had dispatched a bottle of Madeira and three bumpers of brandy, by way of settling my stomach!

"At eight o'clock sat into drinking, and by two in the morning, had taken to my own share three bottles of port, and five devil'd biscuits.

"At three o'clock got home, and finding myself rather queer, took two glasses of hot brandy and water, half and half, and having nothing else to do, undressed myself as well as I could, and went to bed." [Lon. paper.

Of how many, in this country, is this journal the epitome? Oh! that men, professing the attributes of reason and intellect, should cloth themselves in the sensual habits of brutes.

FILIAL SENSIBILITY.

A YOUNG gentleman, in the Military Academy, at Paris, ate nothing but soup or dry bread, and drank only water. The governor attributing this singularity to some excess of devotion, reproved his pupil for it, who, however continued the same regimen. The governor sent for him again, and informed him, that such singularity was unbecoming him, and that he ought to conform to the rules of the Academy. He next endeavored to learn the reason of this conduct but as the youth could not be persuaded to impart the secret, he at last threatened to send him back to his family. This menace terrified him into an immediate explanation. "Sir," answered he, "in my father's house, I eat nothing but black bread, and that very little: here I have good soup and excellent white bread, and may fare luxuriously. But I cannot

persuade myself to eat any thing else, when I consider the situation in which I left my father and mother." The governor could not refrain from tears, at this filial sensibility: "Your father," said he, "has been in the army; has he no pension?"—"No," replied the youth, "for twelve months past he has been soliciting one: the want of money has obliged him to give up the pursuit; and rather than contract any debts at Versailles, he has chosen a life of wretchedness in the country."—"Well," returned the governor, "if the fact is as you represent it, I promise to obtain for him 500 livres a year. And since your friends are in such poor circumstances, take these three louis d'ors for your pocket expences: and I will remit your father the first half year of his pension in advance.

"Ah! sir," returned the youth, "as you have the goodness to remit a sum of money to my father, I entreat you to add these three louis d'ors to it. Here I have every luxury I can wish for: they would be useless to me—but they would be of great service to my father for his other children."

GEN. LEE was remarkably slovenly in his dress and manners; and has often, by the meanness of his appearance, been subject to ridicule and insult. He was once attending Gen. Washington to a place distant from the camp—Riding on, he arrived at the house where they were to dine, some time before the rest of the company. He went directly to the kitchen, and demanded something to eat; when the cook, taking him for a servant, told him she would give him victuals in a moment—but he must first help her off with the pot. This he complied with, and sat down to some cold meat which she placed for him on the dresser. The girl was remarkably inquisitive about the guests who were coming, particularly of Lee, who she said she heard was one of the oddest and ugliest men in the world. In a few

moments she desired the general again to assist her in placing on the pot, and scarce had he finished, when she requested him to take a bucket and go the well. Lee made no objection, and began drawing the water.—In the mean time General Washington arrived, and an aid-de-camp was dispatched in search of Lee: whom to his surprise, he found engaged as above—But what was the confusion of the poor girl, on hearing the aid-de-camp address the man with whom she had been so familiar, with the title of excellency!—The mug fell from her hand, and dropping on her knees, she began crying for pardon; when Lee, who was ever ready to see the impropriety of his own conduct, but never willing to change it, gave her a crown, and turning to the aid-de-camp, observed "you see, young man, the advantage of a fine coat—the man of consequence is indebted to it for respect; neither virtue nor abilities, without it, will make him look like a gentleman."

SINGULAR STORY.

FROM MADAME DU MONTIER'S LETTERS:

WHILE I was in the country last year, says madame du Montier, I chanced to fall into company with a good friar, eighty years of age, who told me the following story:

About forty years ago, he was sent for to a highwayman, to prepare him for death. They shut him up in a small chapel with a malefactor, and while he was making every effort to excite him to repentance, he perceived that the man was absorbed in thought, and hardly attended to his discourse. My dear friend, said he do you reflect that in a few hours you must appear before a more awful tribunal than that which has lately condemned you? What can divert your attention from what is of such infinite importance? True, father, returned the malefactor: but I cannot divest myself of the idea that it is in your power to save my life.

How can I possibly effect that ? said the friar ; and even supposing I could, should I venture to do it, and thereby give you an opportunity, perhaps, of committing many more crimes ? If that be all that prevents you, replied the malefactor, you may depend on my word ; I have beheld my fate too near, again to expose myself to what I have felt.

The friar acted as you and I should have done :—he yielded to the impulse of compassion ; and it only remained to contrive the means of the man's escape. The chapel in which they were was lighted by one small window near the top, 15 feet from the ground. You have only, said the criminal to the friar, to set your chair on the altar, which we can remove to the foot of the wall, and if you will get upon it, I can reach the window by the help of your shoulders. The friar consented to this manoeuvre, and having replaced the altar, which was portable, seated himself quietly in his chair. About three hours after the executioner, who began to grow impatient, knocked at the door and asked the friar what was become of the criminal. He must have been an angel, replied he coolly ; for by the faith of the priest, he went through the window. The executioner, who found himself a loser by this account, inquired if he were laughing at him, and ran to inform the judges. They repaired to the chapel where this good man was sitting, who pointing to the window, assured them upon his conscience, that the malefactor flew out at it ; and that supposing him an angel, he was going to recommend himself to his protection ; that moreover, if he were a criminal, which he could not suspect after what he had seen, he was not obliged to be his guardian. The magistrates could not preserve their gravity at this man's *sang froid*, and, after wishing a pleasant journey to the culprit, went away.

Twenty years afterwards, this friar, travelling over the Ardennes, lost his way ; when, just as the day

was closing, a kind of peasant accosted him, and, after examining him very attentively, asked him whither he was going, and told him the road he was travelling was a very dangerous one. If you will follow me, he added, I will conduct you to a farm at no great distance, where you may pass the night in safety. The friar was much embarrassed ; the curiosity visible in the man's countenance excited his suspicions ; but considering that if he had a bad design towards him it was impossible to make his escape ; he followed him with trembling steps. His fear was not of long duration : he soon perceived the farm which the peasant had mentioned ; and as they entered, the man, who was the proprietor of it, told his wife to kill a capon, with some of the finest chickens in the poultry yard, and to welcome his guest with the best cheer. While supper was preparing the countryman reentered, followed by eight children, whom he thus addressed :—My children, pour forth your grateful thanks to this good friar. Had it not been for him you would not have been here, nor I either : he saved my life. The friar instantly recollected the features of the speaker, and recognised the thief whose escape he had favored. The whole family loaded him with caresses and kindness ; and, when he was alone with the man, he inquired how he came to be so well provided for. I kept my word with you, said the thief, and, resolving to lead a good life in future, I begged my way thither, which is my native country, and engaged in the service of the master of this farm. Gaining his favour by my fidelity and attachment to his interest, he gave me his only daughter in marriage. God has blessed my endeavours. I have amassed a little wealth ; and I beg that you will dispose of me and all that belongs to me. I shall now die content, since I have been able to see and testify my gratitude towards my deliverer. The friar told him he was well repaid for the service he had rendered him by

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the use to which he devoted the life he had preserved. He would not accept of any thing as a recompense ; but could not refuse to stay some days with the countryman, who treated him like a prince. This good man then obliged him to make use at least of one of his horses to finish his journey, and never quitted him till he had traversed the dangerous roads that abound in those parts.

Amusing.

A celebrated lawyer riding through a country town, stopped at a cottage to inquire his way :—the old woman of the house told him he must keep on strait, for some way then turn to right ; but said she herself was a going to pass the road that he must take, and that if he would wait a few moments 'till she could get her horse ready, she would show him the way. " Well (said he) bad company is better than none—make haste." After jogging on five or six miles, the gentleman asked if they had not yet come to the road that he must take ?—" O yes, (said she) *we passed it two or three miles back ; but I thought bad company better than none, so I keep you along with me !*"

SO prevalent is the custom of *fine speaking*, that *plain speaking* is in danger of being turned out of doors. Seeing a friend muffled up, I asked him if he had the toothach ? Sir, (replied he) I have a tumor in the glands, which suspends the operation of mastication. When I dined with him on a shoulder of mutton, he eat little, observing, that the rancidity of the fat was not congenial to the coats of his stomach, and might, therefore, bring on an emetic operation.

Dean Swift happening to be in company with a petulant and conceited young man, who prided himself in

saying pert things, and had often left the retort courteous ; at length got up, and with affection, said—" Well, you must know, Mr. Dean, that I *set up for a wit.*" " Do you then," replied the other, " take my advice, and sit down again."

A peevish moralist was lately complaining, that the ladies of the present day, had *red bosoms, red cheeks, and red elbows* ; and indeed, were well *red* it every thing, but in books !

A certain Deacon, belonging to a church in this state, having had the misfortune to lose his wife, attempted immediately after his spouse's exit, to "*strike up a match*" with his maid, whose name was *Patience*. The priest of the village, coming in a short time after, to console the bereaved husband, told him he must have *patience* to support him in his troubles—Ah ! (said the deacon) I have been trying *her*, but she seems to be rather off.

A certain lady, of unsuspected conjugal fidelity towards a husband, to whom she had borne six children, gave the name of GRATIS, to a daughter, with which she was favoured, a few years after his decease.—A person remarking upon the incident, observed, that however some might reflect upon the widow for his part he thought her excusable—that, in his idea, having *subscribed*, and faithfully accopted for six, she was undoubtedly entitled to the *seventh GRATIS*.

A fanatical preacher, one day declaiming most vociferously against the vices of the times, told his hearers they were all *sinking, sinking, fast sinking to the regions of sulphur*. " Halloo ! then," says a sailor present, a little startled, " out with the long-boat."

A young pert prating lawyer, one day boasted to the facetious counsel-

A

lor Costello, that he had received twenty-five guineas for speaking in a certain cause. "And I," said Mr. Costello, "received *double* that sum for *holding* my tongue in the same cause,"

An extravagant blade, was told that he resembled the *prodigal*. "No," replied he, "I never fed *swine*." "A good reason," retorts the other, "the devil would not trust you with his *pigs* !

Some robbers having broken into a gentleman's house, went to the footman's bed and told him if he removed he was a dead man—*That's a lie*, (cried the fellow) *If I move I'm sure I'm alive*.

An Irish peasant was carried before a magistrate, on the charge of having stolen a sheep, the property of Sir Garret Fitz Maurice. The justice asked him, if he could read, to which he answered a little. You could not be ignorant then, said Mr. Quorum, that the sheep belonged to Sir Garret, as his brand, G. F. M. was on it—"True," replied the prisoner, "but I really thought the letters stood for *Good Fat Mutton*."

A countryman popped his head into a lottery office, and, seeing only one man sitting at the desk, asked him what he had for sale. To which the would-be wit replied *loggerheads*. Then, Sir, Says the countryman, 'your trade is almost at an end, for *I see you have but one left*.'

An honest clergyman in the country was reproving a married couple for their frequent dissensions seeing they were *both one*. 'Both one, cried the husband! were you to come by our door sometimes when we quarrel, you would swear *we were twenty*.'

In a certain court of justice in Vermont, a sheriff or crier was ordered to call the defendant, or the

cause would proceed *ex parte*. Not understanding the meaning of the word *ex parte*, he declared that it would proceed the *next fair day*.

CHOICE OF DEATH.

A court buffoon, having offended his sovereign, the monarch ordered him to be brought before him, and with a stem countenance reproaching him. "Wretch! you shall receive the punishment you merit; prepare yourself for death."—"The culprit in great terror fell upon his knees, and cried for mercy."—"I will extend no other mercy to you," said the prince, "except permitting you to choose what kind of death you will die. Decide immediately, for I will be obeyed." "I adore your clemency," said the crafty jester, "*I chooe to die of old age*."

Two brothers having been sentenced to death, one was executed first. "See" the other brother said, "what a lamentable spectacle my brother makes in a few minutes I shall be turned off, and then you will see a pair of spectacles."

Henry the Fourth, king of France, always made his children call him papa or father, not the usual title of sir, or majesty. He used frequently to join in their amusements, and one day as he was going on all fours with the dauphin his son, on his back, an ambassador entered his apartment suddenly & surprised him in this attitude. The monarch, without moving from it, said to him, Monsieur l'ambassadeur, have you any children? Yes, Sire replied he. "Very well then," said the king, "I shall finish my race round my chamber,"

During the civil wars in Ireland a watchword was required of every passenger after a certain hour; with liberty for the sentinel to interrogate at will.—A poor harmless Irishman, travelling from Killmainey to Kilmore

being asked concerning his place of departure, and place of destination, answered to the astonishment of the inquirer, "I have been to kill many, and am going to kill more." "That you shall not," said the centinel, and immediately run him through with the bayonet.

A rich farmer having a wife, who frequently got intoxicated with cider threatened her with a speedy burial, and accordingly provided a coffin. Madam paid little attention to it. Soon after she was taken up dead drunk, and conveyed into the sable shell. The moment she revived, supposing herself in another world, she knocked forcibly against the lid, and thus addressed the inhabitant: "Children of this world, have ye here any good cider?"

A noted horse jockey sold his horse at a great price, assuring the purchaser, that he had only two small failings. After the bargain, the purchaser was to know them, and was informed that one failing of his horse was, that he was very hard to catch; and the other, that he was good for nothing when caught.

An ignorant lawyer, pleading in an action of assault and battery, to aggravate matters gravely told the court, that his client had been beaten by a certain wooden instrument, called an iron pestle.

An English sailor went to see a juggler exhibit his tricks. There happened to be a quantity of gunpowder in the apartment beneath, which took fire and blew up the house. The sailor was thrown into a garden behind, where he fell without being hurt. He stretched his arms and legs, got up, shook himself, rubbed his eyes, and then cried out, conceiving what had happened to be only a part of the performance, "d-n the fellow, I wonder what he will do next."

A STRING OF PUNS.

Crombe, in the memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus, said he was every day under the dominion of a word such for instance as the word *led* which not only governed him, but all the world besides. For said he, noblemen and drunkards are *pem-pled*, physicians & pulses are *feel-ed*, the patients and oranges are *pit-led*, a new married man and an ass are *brid-led*, an old married man and a pack horse are *sad-led*; cats and dice are *rat-led*, swine and nobility are *styl-ed*, coquets and a tinder-box are *spark-led*.

A gentleman, informed by a bill on a window of a house, that *apartments were to be let*? knocked at a door, and attended by a pretty female took a survey of the premises. Pray, my dear, said he smiling, are you to be *let* with the lodgings? No replied the fille de chambre with vivacity, but I am to be *let alone*.

A Scotchman and an Irishman were sleeping at an inn together. The weather being rather warm, the Scotchman put his legs out of bed. A person seeing him in this situation, gently fixed a spur on Sawney's heel, who drawing his leg into bed, so disturbed his companion, that he exclaimed, 'Arrah, my dear honey, have care, for my shoul you have fractured the *skull-boon* of my shin with those nails of yours I belaiy.' The Scotchman being sound asleep, but restless in his dreams, still scratching poor Teague, till his patience being quite spent, he succeeded in rousing Sawney; who, not a little surprised at finding a spur on his heel, loudly exclaimed, "the ostler has ta'en off my boots last night, and left on the spur."

A clergyman, preached some time ago in the neighbourhood of Wappnig, England, observing that most of his audience were in the seafaring way, very properly embellished his discourse with several nautical tropes and figures. Among other things he advised them to be ever 'on the

watch, so that on whatever *tack* the devil should *down upon them* he might be *crippled* in the action," "Ay, master, (cried a jolly son of Neptune) but let me tell you, that will depend upon having the *weather guage* of him."

Sometime after the conclusion of the late war, a young American was present in a British play-house, where an interlude was performed in ridicule of his countrymen. A number of American officers being introduced in tattered uniforms and bare-foot, the question was put to them severally. What was your *trade* before you entered into the army? One answered a *tailor*, another a *cobler*, &c. The wit of the piece was to banter them for not keeping themselves clothed and shod; but before that could be expressed, the American exclaimed from the gallery, 'Great Britain beaten by tailors and cobblers, huzza!' Even the prime minister, who was present, could not help smiling amidst a general peal of laughter.

A *limb of the law* having taken up his quarters at an inn, with the landlord of which he was acquainted, was consulted by the host what he should do in case of a man who had brought an action against him, though he had in return a demand upon his creditor. The lawyer desired time to consider of it, as he said it was a nice case, and he would give his opinion in the morning. When day broke he mounted his horse, without troubling the landlord for a bill, left the following solution: 'I am of opinion that the best thing you can do is to follow my example—*make a set off*.'

In the American war, an Irishman who was reputed a faithful and brave soldier, and much esteemed by the officers, obtained leave one day to ramble out from the camp, and as he passed by a farmer's house, a cock and hen turkey were sitting on a

fence. The cock agreeable to his nature gabbled at him; Paddy caught them both and brought them to the camp without injury; the owner followed him, and entered a complaint against him. A court martial was called, his captain was president, and was the first to examine him. How says he, is this, Jemmy, that you have stole the man's turkeys? He denied stealing them, saying, my captain well knows that I have been a good friend to my country, and could never bear the name of tory: as I was passing by the man's house, that red headed baist stepped up and calls out tory, tory, tory, and I would not bear it at his hands, so I took and brought him to camp for trial.—Well, says his captain, but you brought the hen, and she has done no crime. Ah! but says he, she was the only witness I had against him. The witty turn of Paddy so pleased the court martial, that they paid the owner for his turkeys and gave them to Jemmy to take and punish them his own way.

Some thieves met a man, robbed him, and bound him in a wood; just after, they met another, bound him also, and laid him on the other side of the hedge; when one of them cried, *I am undone! I am undone!* The other hearing him, begged most heartily that he would come and undo him too.

A young man of fashion lately threw himself, in a love fit, into the Seine; he was rescued from his perilous situation by a waterman, who heard him roar out most unmercifully, that he had forgot to add a *postscript* to his farwell letter to his mistress.

A gentleman, who was riding in the wind, was asked by a person whom he met, what he was riding for? 'For an appetite,' said the gentleman. 'For half a guinea, then, (replied the man) you shall have mine, for I have nothing to eat, and shall have no use for it.'

Poetic Department.

SELECTED FOR THE
**"MONTHLY MAGAZINE
 AND
 LITERARY JOURNAL."**

THE POWER OF INNOCENCE.

A TRUE STORY.

When first the nuptial state we
 prove,

We live the happy life of love ;
 But when familiar charms no more,
 Inspire the bliss they gave before ;
 Each less delighting less is loved,
 First this, then that, is disapproved ;
 Complacence flies, neglect succeeds,
 Neglect, disdain and hatred breeds.

'Twas thus a pair, who long time
 proved

The joys to love, and be beloved,
 At length fell out for trifling things ;
 From trifling anger mostly springs.—
 The wish to please forsook each
 breast,

Love's throne by basest rage pos-
 sess'd,

Resolv'd to part—they'd meet no
 more,

Enough—The chariot's at the door—
 The mansion was my lady's own—

Sir John resolved to live in town :
 Writings were drawn ; each cause

agreed,
 Both vow'd they'd ne'er recall the
 deed,

The chariot waits.—Why this delay?
 The sequel shall the cause display.

One lovely girl this lady bore,
 Dear pledge of joys she takes no

more ;
 The father's mother's darling, she,
 Now lisp'd and prattled on each

knee.—

Sir John, when rising to depart,
 Turn'd to the darling of his heart,

And cried with ardor in his eye,
 "Come, Betsy, bid Mama good bye."

The lady trembling, answer'd "No,
 "Go, kiss Papa, my Betsey, go."

"The child shall live with me," she
 cried,

"The child shall chuse," Sir John
 replied ;

Poor Betsey look'd at each by turns,
 And each the starting tear discerns

My lady asks with doubt and fear,
 "Will you not live with me my

dear?"

"Yes," half resolv'd replied the
 child,

And, half suppress'd her tears, she
 smild'd.

"Come Betsey," cried Sir John,"
 you'll go,

"And live with dear Papa, I know,"
 "Yes Betsey cried.—The lady then,

Address'd the wondering child again,
 "The time to live with both is

o'er ;
 "This day we part to meet no
 more :

"Chuse then.—Here grief o'erflow'd
 her breast,

And tears burst out too long sup-
 press'd.—

The Child whose tears and chiding
 join'd,

Supposed Papa displeased unkind ;
 And tried with all her little skill,

To sooth his soft relenting will :
 "Do," cried the lisper, "Papa ! do

"Love dear Mama ! Mama loves
 you !

Subdued the source of of many pride,
 No more his looks his heart belied ;

The tender transport forc'd its way :
 They both confess'd each other's

sway :
 And prompted by the social smart,
 Breast rush'd to breast, and heart to

heart ;
 Each clasp'd their Betsey o'er and
 o'er,

And Tom, drove empty from the door.

Ye that have passions for a tear,
 Give nature vent, and drop it here.

Lon. Mag.

THE DOG AND THE ELBOW.

AS TRAY one day stroll'd down the street,
 Fatigu'd; and lean, and nought to eat;
 And wishing 'twas his hap to find,
 A bone to gnaw of any kind.

As by a splendid house he past,
 His eyes he toward a window cast,
 A piece of flesh, spied hanging out,
 Whereat he paus'd, and rais'd his snout.

'Twas red in spots, in spots 'twas blue,
 TRAY mark'd it with a curious eye,
 Then with a groan was heard to cry,
 Thus really it would not do.

And long he gaz'd, till hunger led him on,
 Poor meat, thought he; is better sure than none.
 He seiz'd it then; but soon received a fell blow,
 And found, in hunger he mistook,
 And what he for a mutton bone had took,
 Was nothing but a *modern belle's fair elbow*.

Ye belles who strut along the street
 Or sit upon the window seat,
 With elbows bare and blue,
 By this sad tale a warning take,
 Lest some like *cur* should you mis-
 take,
 And through mistake *should eat you*.
 TRIM.

INTEMPERANCE REWARDED.

By Wm. Holloway.

TOM HAGGARD was a waggish lad
 As any in the village;
 And three lean steeds were all he had
 For riding, draught, and tillage.

With faggots to the neighbouring town,
 Oft crept his creaking waggon,
 While slow along the dusty road,
 Behind the swain would lag on.

And always, as the road he pass'd,
 A bonny seat would meet him,
 With weighty pack his shoulders
 grac'd—

And thus was sure to greet him:—

“Ho, *Joskin!* laddy, what d’ye buy?
 “I’ve muslins, choice and plenty;
 “Lawns, laces, cambrics—purchase,
 try—
 “I warrant I’ll content ye.”

Thus once or twice a week at least,
 He found himself embarrass’d,
 And studied hard to turn the jest
 On him who teaz’d and harrass’d.

One day, as usual, on his road,
 He met the merchant toiling,
 And hail’d him thus—“Man pitch
 your load,
 “And cease from your turmoiling:

“I want an article or two,
 “Come let us see your treasure?”
 “Aye,” said the Scotsman, “that
 I’ll do,
 “And that wi’ muckle pleasure.”

With this the lumbring pack he
 pitch’d—
 First loosen’d from his shoulders—
 With wealth of either Ind. enrich’d,
 The wonder of beholders.

With two brown hands upon the lid,
 Tom stood and lean’d him over;
 While Sawny rummag’d every thread
 Its beauties to discover.

He held his pieces to the sun,
 And claiming due attention,
 This champion told, ef every one,
 The praise he scarce could men-
 tion.

“Nor this, nor that,” Tom coolly
 cried,
 “Will suit my inclination;”
 The trader’s smile his heart belied,
 That rankled with vexation:

“But tell me plainly what you want?”
 The testy Scotsman grumbled—

"Why, what your walking ware-
house ha'n't,"
The crafty Thomas mumbled ;—

Then added, with a sneering smile—
"Your zearch, you may forbear it;
"I wanted a VORE WAGGON WHEEL,
"But you ha' nothing near it!"

A TUTOR'S ADDRESS TO PARENTS.

*On seeing a Young Lady writing
Verses with a Hole in her Stocking.*

TO see a Lady of such grace,
With so much sense and such a face,
So slatternly is shocking ;
Oh! if you would with Venus vie,
Your pen and poetry lay by,
And learn to mend your Stocking.

THE POINTED EPIGRAM.

AN Eton boy, who did not want
for wit,
In careless haste his exercise had
writ ;—
How dare you, blockhead, quoth the
master bring
An Epigram to me that has no
sting !
Pry, sir, forgive me, says the youth,
this once,
Another time you shall not call me
dunce.

A wasp, next day, the dext'rous
stripling caught,
And, wrapp'd in paper, to his mas-
ter brought ;—
What have you here ? the purblind
doctor cries,
An Epigram, good sir, the boy re-
plies.
An Epigram ! remember what you
bring,
You know what follows if it has no
sting.
He said—when, quickly, by the pain-
ful smart,
He found the rogue had not forgot
the dart.

ON A QUACK.

When Doctor Lotion first began,
To practice on the frame of man,
He bore but humble sway ;—
Each morn his hospitable door,
Was open "gratis" to the poor,
'Twas then "no cure no pay."

At length with cane and ponderous
wig,
The Doctor struts a perfect prig,
In eminence secure ;—
The former system quite derang'd—
The poor forgot, the motto chang'd—
'Tis now, "no pay no cure."

Reflections on hearing a Father's ad- vice to his Childrrn.

When man has pass'd his youth-
ful glee of life,
And sees his little offspring playing
round ;
That father then should nurse that
offspring up,
And teach the little, tender pledges
love.

What sight more glowing to the
breast of man,
Or charge more noble, than a little
babe,
The mother's offspring and the fath-
er's care.

Taught by their guardian friends the
path of truth,
And by them taught the precious
time of youth.

Oh! virtue, healing balm, a pious
life,
Sweet reflection, the soother of old
age !
Then is the value of a virtuous
life,
When just before him is eternity
Invaluable end of mortal man—
'To die in virtue, then in peace
above.

ORLANDO.

Baltimore, Feb. 1804.

A CURE FOR LOVE.

Make one end of a rope fast over a
beam,
With a slip-knot at the other ex-
treme ;
Then underneath let a cricket be
set,
On which let the lover most manful-
ly get ;
The cricket kick down—let him
take a fair swing,
And leave all the rest to the strength
of the string !

SONNET,

ON SEEING THE WIFE OF A FRIEND NURSING HER
INFANT.

Affections' fond partner, with Friend-
ship's warm friend,
Accept the effusions of my humble
lay :
My soul's speaking language expres-
sion would blend,
And respect's highest tributes es-
teem would repay.

With transport I view that dear babe
in thy arms,
The richest dear pledge of connu-
bial bliss ;
I behold all thy joys, and thy tender
alarms—
The mother's pure rapture, and
love's fond caress.

As I am surveying a parent's de-
light,
Mem'ry, from feeling, draws forth
a sad tear ;
And Fancy, intrusive, presents to
my sight
The bliss I once-claim'd—and how
Love can endear,

May the anguish that preys on my
breast ne'er be thine,
But bliss round thy heart calm con-
tentment intwine.

H.

EPIGRAMS.

A bachelor *butcher* who long'd for a
wife,
Resolv'd to seek out one with
heeding,
Whose kindness the pleasure should
be of his life,
A woman of spirit and breed-
ing.

A baker's gay widow who set a good
batch,
He courted and found very wil-
ling ;
Who said it was not that she knead-
ed the match,
But, ah ! that his *deeds* were so
killing.

THE IRISH PLACE HUNTER.

A place under government
Was all that Paddy wanted ;
He married soon a scolding wife,
And Paddy's wish was granted.

In Lewisburgh church-yard.

Oh cruel death, how could'st thou be
so unkind,
As to take her before, and leave me
behind ;
Thou shouldst have taken both if
either,
As 'twould have been more pleasing
to the survivor.

*On a man who broke his neck by
falling from his horse.*

Man's life's a vapour and full of
woes,
He cuts a caper, and—down he goes.

Women were born, so fate declares,
To smooth our linnen and our cares ;
And 'tis but just, for by my troth,
They're very apt to ruffle both.

THE CASE OF THE CONSCIENCE,

By our parson perplext,
How shall we determine ?
'Which and pray,' says the text,
'Go to sleep,' says the sermon,